

# THE DIAL

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## THE BROOD OF LAUGHTER.

The Tragic Muse hides behind her Gorgon head, but Miss Comedy has a hundred masks. "Laughter holding both its sides," the mordant sneer, travesty, wit that is like a web of lightnings, earth-upsetting humor,—certainly there is "God's plenty" in the varieties of the risible.

Slang (cant, jargon, argot) is the attempt which the multitude makes to achieve style,—its effort to say things differently. Three-fourths, probably, of slang has a humorous tinge, for in its nature it is a mockery of the dignified in thought or speech. Unquestionably it is often excellent fooling. The bright wits of the otherwise inarticulate masses strike out unexpected analogies of thought, remarkable felicities of image and phrase. And literature has profitted by them accordingly. There is much slang in Shakespeare; a great part of Rabelais is written in argot. Without slang what would we do for humor in America? The trouble with the literary use of slang is twofold. In the first place, it is a language within the language. It has to be translated when new, and it quickly fades. The writer who uses much of it soon requires an apparatus of footnotes. In the second place, while the unknown originator of an apt slang word or phrase is a genius, the tenth or ten-thousandth transmitter of it is merely a plagiarist. He works with about the cheapest material that a writer can employ. The first time one sees in print such synonyms for man as "piker," "gink," "long drink of water," or verbal re-incarnations of girl into "chicken," "broiler," "flapper," "squab," "doll," "skirt," or "queen," they may seem excruciatingly funny; but after one has read ten thousand tales or sketches whose humor depends mainly on these expressions, the business becomes a trifle tiresome. Yet slang is a vitalizing influence. It is an earth element which both language and literature need for growth.

The reformed school of spelling seems to have put the professional purveyors of that commodity out of the market. Its literate ventures in illiteracy tickle us more than the

old masters in the art can do. Our American adepts who had such a great audience in their day are no longer read. Petroleum V. Nasby, Philander K. Doesticks, even the great Artemus Ward, are unknown to the rising generation. Mr. Howells edited Artemus Ward's work some years ago; yet even he, in spite of his love for the native and the new, was forced to confess a certain lack of interest in it. Dialect, which has always had a hold on literature (there are three varieties of dialect in "The Merry Wives of Windsor") still lives. A few years ago it swept over literature like fire over a prairie. Nothing could succeed which did not have the local color of dialect or *patois*. In a great measure, writers seem to be coming back to plain English. Of course dialect sometimes has as much tradition and authority as academic language. Again, it seems to spring up like a gourd in the night. The transformation of vowels by which the lower-class English turn "lady" into "lidy" and "game" into "gime" seems very recent in origin. It would be a curious subject for inquiry as to whether the cockney use or non-use of the letter *h* goes a long way back. I cannot recall that the older English comic writers made any fun of this oddity of pronunciation. Charles Lamb's farce, "Mr. H.," which is founded on the fact of a man being named "Hogsflesh," would have lost its point if the aspirate had not been generally sounded.

In proverbs we have the multitude in a sentence-mongering mood. These are often grim and grave and wise enough; but the stoical humor of endurance, the disillusionment of experience, come out most in them. Unless an author makes his own proverbs, the use of them lays him open to a charge of unoriginality,—though when Sancho Panza comes along with the wisdom of all the Spanish ages dropping from his tongue, the effect is funny enough.

Parables and fables are proverbs put into narrative. They, too, are the experience of the race eked out by the artist's skill, and they are overwhelmingly humorous or satirical. Renan claimed that one of Christ's most shining qualities was his wit; and certainly the parables of the New Testament are full of satire and irony.

Puns seem to have had their day. They do not flourish in contemporary literature, or even in our common parlance. Compared

with the larger forms of humor, they are about what the fire-fly's flash is to daylight or lightning. But in the hands of masters like Charles Lamb and Thomas Hood, they are irresistible. The present writer, alas, has been almost as incapable of making a pun as solving a riddle. But I remember one. A scientific friend was explaining the mysteries of animal magnetism. "What," he asked, "happens when you touch a man?" "Why," I said, "sometimes you get turned down." Perhaps that was too obvious. I recall one of my father's, which strikes me as pathetically good. He was in his last illness, and was wasted to a skeleton. A friend, a big, bouncing chap, had called on us, and was striding up and down the room boasting that he weighed 185 pounds. "Well," piped my father, "you may have the advantage of me in avoirdupois, but I can beat you all hollow in apothecary's weight."

In the larger, organized forms of humorous literature, fun comes first. It is animal spirits put into words or action. It is the clash of oddities, the farcical situations which life really affords or which by a good deal of license can be read into life. We are so constituted that we find something ridiculous in a man slipping on the ice, or a shabby coat, or a pair of soleless shoes. The slap-stick of the pantomimist or the brick of the cartoonist answers our primal need for laughter. As the Roman slaves had their Saturnalia, so we slaves of work or custom must have our carnival moments, when we dance or riot for relief. There is plenty of this exuberance in literature. Perhaps it shows more abundantly in the novels of Lever than anywhere else. There is hardly anything in these novels but high spirits, practical jokes, orgies of misrule,—except duels, which are thrown in by way of balance.

Travesty, or burlesque, is a higher form of humor. It works by pulling down. It tumbles dignity into the dirt. It brings Jove upon the stage with an old umbrella and goloshes, and makes Venus scold Mars over the wash-tub. Mingled with divine poetry and illimitable imagination, as in Aristophanes, it yields one of the highest types of comedy. Parody is a variant of this form. Some works, "Don Quixote" and "Joseph Andrews" for example, began as parodies but developed into great original creations.

What for lack of a better term we must call *extravaganza* or *fantasia* is a great element in American humor. It asserts absurdities as truths. It puts forth impossibilities with the sober certitude of common sense. The tales of Frank Stockton are signal examples of this kind of work. But its classic is certainly "Alice in Wonderland." That tale is the concentrated essence of everything that could not happen related with historic gravity.

Wit is a difficult thing to define. In the eighteenth century the word was used to cover all forms of mental activity. Poets, novelists, essayists, men about town, were all denominated wits. Richard Bentley was a wit, and I am not sure that Sir Isaac Newton was not classified with the great wits of the age. We use the word in a more restricted sense now; yet we hardly know what that sense is. We seem to mean by it a brilliant, concentrated, revelational flash of the mind expressed in language. Some pieces of literature, like Congreve's "Way of the World" and Sheridan's "School for Scandal," are all compact of wit. Some miscellaneous writers, like Hazlitt, Sydney Smith, Dr. Holmes, and Lowell, are more wits than anything else. But wit is the kindling, originating, inventing, surprise element of the mind, and it permeates pretty nearly everything that the mind does, so that the eighteenth century people were not altogether wrong in their estimate of it.

It is hard, also, to pick out from the literature of laughter the special quality which we call humor. As compared with wit, it is broader and more continuous. It is less exclusively mental,—more the product of the whole man. It has relations with the tragic and pathetic which wit has not. If its profundities sometimes wound or appal, its pities heal and refresh. It probably comes nearer giving the actual truth about human character in its relations to the world and Fate than any other form of literature whatever. It relentlessly exposes the vices, follies, hypocrisies, and littlenesses of mankind, until we ought to be disgusted with life itself. But we are not; for humor puts such vitality into the very rags and leavings of mankind that they are really more to us than angels. We take Burns's drink-sodden beggars to our bosoms; we applaud Mr. Pecksniff leaning over the banisters at Todger's and adjuring his hearers "to be moral"; we go into ecstasies when Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig quarrel

over the mythical Mrs. Harris. Although humor has a preference for publicans and sinners, it can deal equally well with the good and noble,—as witness Don Quixote, My Uncle Toby, and Scott's "Antiquary." Dickens is the most prolific of humorists, and one hesitates in placing him with the greatest merely because he lacks somewhat of the profundity of thought which we find in Aristophanes, Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Molière. His earthquakes only make the edifices of man totter and slide about ludicrously; theirs shake the mightiest structures down, and open abysses in the earth which seem to pierce to the dark foundations of our state.

Satire is the scourge, the cat-o'-nine-tails, of literature. It proceeds by way of indignation. It holds the office of public executioner. Yet the best satire gives us enough of contrast to make its pictures of humanity credible. Dryden, in his characters of Buckingham and Shaftesbury, allows his victims a dozen lofty or amiable qualities. Pope's Addison is the picture of a good man spoiled by jealousy. The satires of Horace are tolerably good natured. When a satirist pursues either a living person or a literary creation with unrelenting fury we feel sure he is not telling the whole truth. Ruskin's harsh comment on Thackeray was that "the blow-fly had got at the meat and spoiled our dinner." Formal satire seems to have gone out of fashion, but the satirical vein is apparent in most of the comedies and half of the novels of the world.

Irony might be defined as the appearance of things propitious, the reality of things malign. This is at least a description of the irony which has been attributed to the Greek tragedians, and which is certainly apparent in Shakespeare. The sky is blue, and a thunderbolt falls from it. The grass is green and pleasant, and the earth yawns at our feet. Verbal irony is best exemplified in the dialogue of Socrates, or those simple statements which indict of Thucydides or Tacitus. Socrates probably had to drink hemlock, not because of irreverence to the gods, but because he tangled up the wits of the sophists and tripped up the intellectual heels of the Athenian elders by his seemingly innocent questions. The greatest, perhaps the only great, English master of verbal irony, Junius, had to hide under the mask of that name, and is yet undiscovered,—though I believe he was no less a personage than Chatham.



Playfulness is the last form of humor on our list, and it is the most delightful. It may not assay high in wit or humor or wisdom. It does not excite laughter, perhaps not even smiles. But it kindles a glow within us. It is simply charm incarnate, and charm can beat even beauty or grandeur from the field. It bears the stamp of high breeding; and, whether "gallant and gay in Clivedon's proud alcove" or rustic in Arden's forest, it attracts, wins, conquers. Orlando comes into the banished Duke's presence, sword in hand. "I thought that all things had been savage here," he says. He is received with courtesy and consideration; the playful talk goes on, and he is soothed and comforted. With all their splendor of poetry and dazzle of wit and depth of humor, playfulness is really the predominant note in Shakespeare's comedies. Goldsmith is another author in whom this quality is perpetually present. He was playful at The Club, though sadly misunderstood by Ursus Major and his satellites. He was playful in his poems, his plays, his novel, and his essays. "The Haunch of Venison" and "Retaliation" are the most perfect playful poems in English literature. Dr. Johnson was somewhat elephantine in his gambols, but his letters are playful and so is much of his talk. Playfulness puts on no airs; it simply wants to utter the throbbings of its heart. The great letter writers, therefore,—Madame de Sévigné at the head, with Gray, Cowper, Keats, FitzGerald, and Lowell following,—are adepts in this natural art. Most of them did greater things than to write letters, but in their correspondence they forgot their greatness and only wanted to be happy. There is a good deal of playfulness in Jane Austen, but more acidity. She lets us see that she knows her characters are fools. Shakespeare and Scott and Dickens probably knew, too, but they did not care. They liked them better that way. Irving is the most playful writer we have had in America.

Taken as a whole, humorous literature is the wrong side of the tapestry. It shows the foundation work,—the ends and shreds and seams and blurs of what on the other side is a picture of life, painted in smooth and vivid colors by poetry, tragedy, and romance. Which is the truest,—the grotesque sketch, or the beautiful, harmonious, awe-inspiring vision?

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

#### LITERARY AFFAIRS IN LONDON.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

When this reaches you we shall be in the thick of the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebrations. I don't know whether the word "thick" is justified. It might perhaps be more applicable in Germany, where "Unser Shaxpur" (whose shade is invoked against his degenerate countrymen) is to be honored with numerous orations and special performances. Here the plans are very modest. Mr. Benson's Company will perform as usual, and special Shakespearean exhibitions are to be held at Stratford and Oxford, where the Bodleian's unique collection of Shakespeare folios and quartos is to be on show. The London Guildhall is also exhibiting its folios and its specimen of that anguished arabesque which goes by the name of Shakespeare's signature. As the Bard's death-day and reputed birth-day is also St. George's Day we may expect a large crop of newspaper articles on Shakespeare as a patriot. And it is too much to hope that the concocters of these articles will avoid the usual error of asserting that Henry V was Shakespeare's ideal Englishman, his pattern king and his chevalier *sans reproche*. Most aspects of Shakespeare may be argued about *ad nauseam*, the most interminable discussion always leaving the disputants "of the same opinion still." Shakespeare has been compared to a dark portrait hung under glass: everybody who examines it sees not the portrait but his own face reflected. But if there is one thing that ought to be clear to any unprejudiced reader it surely is that in writing "Henry V" Shakespeare was *inter alia* exposing the stupidity of aggressive Imperialism and the detrimental effects which the militarist creed may have even upon a character in many respects noble and generous. Read Henry's speech when he threatens to deliver up Harfleur to his ferocious army if it does not surrender, and ask whether this is the conduct Shakespeare recommends to his country's sovereigns.

Tercentenary books are few. A large compilation by various hands entitled "Shakespeare's England" is announced; and Mrs. Stopes, one of the most painstaking of living Shakespearean students, has published a number of chips from her workshop under the name of "Shakespeare's Industry," which a critic has unkindly remarked should rather have been called "Mrs. Stopes's Industry." Had we not been engaged in war there would presumably have been an appeal for some hundreds of thousands of pounds to complete the Shakespeare National Memorial Theatre.



That is too large an order for times like these; though a week's receipts from the nation's cinemas would suffice to run up the most sumptuous theatrical structure in the world. A modester scheme has been launched by a number of eminent persons who suggest that ten thousand pounds should be raised to provide a permanent endowment fund for Mr. A. H. Bullen's Shakespeare Head Press at Stratford; it was at Stratford that Mr. William Jaggard issued his great "Shakespeare Bibliography." But he is a man who has spent his life in the service of literary scholarship; and since he established his Stratford Press he has published not only a magnificent edition of the Works but also several volumes of research which will be of immense value to students, but which can scarcely have been commercial speculations of the first water. All Mr. Bullen's productions are beautifully printed and bound; and it would be a great thing if his undertaking were established on a permanent basis. What form of commemoration Shakespeare himself would have preferred one cannot dare to guess. We cannot even be certain that the matter would much interest him. It is true that he said that his powerful rhyme would not be outlasted by marble or the gilded monuments of princes; but it is also true that, as far as we can discover, he took not the slightest pains to perpetuate his plays in an accurate, or indeed in any, form. But it may be presumed, as a general rule, that the most civil thing we can do to any author is to read him. To how great an extent we actually do read Shakespeare it is not easy to estimate. Was it not in *THE DIAL* that I saw the other day a complaint that, though works dealing with Crabbe can be found in every library, Crabbe's own compositions are in most places unknown? Shakespeare is not in that situation: there is scarcely a middle-class home in Great Britain where his Works, bound in limp red morocco, do not lie about on a little table in the drawing room. But all the same, the amount of "mention" of him in print and speech is, one suspects, out of all proportion to the amount of reading of him that is done. He is undoubtedly read much more frequently than any other English author of date earlier than 1800 — with the exception of Dr. John Overall, Mr. Edward Lively, Dr. Hadrian à Saravia, Dr. Jeremiah Radcliffe, Mr. Michael Rabbett and others whose names may or may not be recognized as those of the compilers of the authorized version of the Bible. But what does the position of "National Poet" really come to? Does one Englishman out of

a hundred read a single play by Shakespeare once a year? It is safe to say that ninety-five out of a hundred never open his works after they have left school. Millions of school-children have two or three plays drilled into them, and remember fragments of "To be, or not to be," "The quality of mercy," "So work the honey bees," "O that we now had here," and "Friends, Romans, countrymen." These quotations on a man's lips are almost invariably relics of juvenile experience. Drove of school-girls are taken every year to see the touring companies in "The Merchant of Venice" and "As You Like It"; and now and then London turns out to see Miss Somebody's Juliet, Mr. Somebody's Hamlet or Sir Somebody Something's Shylock. But we most of us think we are far more familiar with Shakespeare's plays than we actually are.

I mentioned Mr. Bullen's excellent printing. Quite apart from Shakespeare a press like his is worth encouraging for the sake of its typography. English book production is not yet anything like as good as it should be. It is not for instance anywhere near the German level. No one who visited the Leipzig Book-Trades exhibition in the (earlier part of the!) summer of 1914 could fail to be struck by the immense superiority of the German exhibits in point of appearance. But there has been a great improvement here in the last five and twenty years; and that is undeniably due to the example set by the various private presses, such as the Kelmescott, the Vale, and the Doves. These private presses are not usually long-lived. They usually produce a few beautiful books and then cease work; their products then rising to great values in the market. Happily there always seems to be somebody to carry on the torch. At present Mr. Arthur Sabin is doing very pretty work at his Temple Sheen Press; another new one is the Romney Street Press conducted by Francis Meynell, a son of Alice Meynell the poet. Mr. Meynell has just issued his first volume, a selection of his mother's recent poems. It is a very sound and charming piece of printing. The type is the old Fell type which was used in the seventeenth century (I believe by the Oxford University Press) and the old typographical ornaments are employed. The book is hand rubricated by Mr. Edward Johnson, one of the finest of modern calligraphers. The proprietors of "Form" — the new art quarterly which I mentioned recently — are also bringing out books; they propose to devote themselves mainly to verse, written out by hand, reproduced, and illustrated. Several other private presses are in the air. In some instances

people seem to be taking to this form of recreation as a means of escape from the nervous strain of war. They are taking to chess in the same way; the shops which sell chessmen find it difficult to cope with the demand for them.

Notable new books are few. The best thing recently has been Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's book "On the Art of Writing" which contains lectures delivered at Cambridge just before the war. It is not easy to say anything new about the qualities at which a writer should aim and the defects which he should endeavor to avoid. Accuracy and clarity have been eulogized before, and the superfluous adjective has often been denounced. But if Sir Arthur, not being Adam or Eve, cannot lay down new rules, he has certainly formulated the essentials of good writing as clearly and accurately as any man before him; and his humor and variety of illustration make his book very delightful to read. It is a book that every professional writer should study; though it makes one painfully self-conscious of the stains and blotches on every sentence that one writes. It is above all a book for the person of university age who has not yet developed bad habits which are incurable. It will assist him to think for himself, encourage him to write, and materially help him to avoid writing badly.

Miss Louise Sill's translation of M. Paul Claudel's "L'Annonce faite à Marie" comes, I think, from your side. If Claudel were easier reading one could prophesy a boom here. Five years ago he was little known; since then he has stolen silently into an acknowledged place amongst the first living French writers. People here are beginning to read him; and though there may be some difference of opinion as to his size I have not yet met anyone who disputes his genius. One performance of one play is all we have hitherto seen in London of his dramatic work. It will be strange if "L'Annonce" is allowed to remain much longer unstaged. It is a play of great beauty and dramatic force, and it peculiarly lends itself also to the modern "producer." M. Claudel's war-poems which have reached us are more impressive than anything of the kind that has been done here. None worth reading have appeared lately. Among other new poetry one may notice Mr. John Freeman's "Stone Trees" published by the new firm of Selwyn and Blount; while a volume is announced which will contain the verse of A. W. St. Clair Tisdall, a young Cambridge man who, after a brilliant university career, died in the Dardanelles last year in a heroic enterprise which won him a posthumous V. C. What his verse is like I do not know.

Meanwhile, in strong and steady current, however the output of everything else may fluctuate, the war-books stream forth from the press. Spy-books and narratives by escaped governesses are fewer than they were. The product now falls into three main classes: (1) narratives of actual fighting, (2) "indictments" of the Germans, and (3) books discussing the settlement at the end of the war. These last, the publishers say, are selling in thousands; akin to them in appeal is M. Romain Rolland's "Above the Battle" which is being widely read here and of which nearly fifty editions have appeared in France. Among the "indictments" the most serious is "The Germans" by Mr. J. M. Robertson, the politician and anti-Baconian controversialist. Mr. Robertson's conclusions will, I suppose, be less appetizing to the Germans than to ourselves; but his most hostile reader must admit the force of the chapters in which he demolishes practically every "race-theory" that has ever been invented, and bangs the skulls of the dolichocephals and the brachycephals against each other until there is no visible difference between them. A work of less learning, but equally remarkable in another way, is Mr. Henry de Halsalle's "Degenerate Germany," which for sustained invective has been equalled by no other war-book. This gentleman says "airily" that the Germans "became cannibals" in the seventeenth century; that no German deserves the appellation "lady" or "gentleman"; that Germans pick their teeth with forks in public; that Germans relish bad smells and wash in the smallest procurable basins; and that German literature is unprecedented in its immorality. As a protest against their impiety he makes the reverent suggestion that we should inscribe above the altars in our churches the text "Father, forgive them not, for they know what they do." This book should have a conspicuous place in any museum of war-literature which may be established when Europe has got straight again.

J. C. SQUIRE.

London, April 10, 1916.

#### CASUAL COMMENT.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF BELGIAN LETTERS, ARTS, AND SCIENCES has been undertaken by certain philanthropists in this country, calling themselves the Belgian Scholarship Committee. It is nearly a year since this movement started, its object in the beginning being to raise money for the relief of destitute Belgian scholars; but this aim has gradually broadened, so that now the purpose is "to give to the Belgian scholars, writers, and artists a chance

to resume their work of art or science," and "to raise a fund for the reconstruction of a new and better Belgium, especially in the educational field." The first part of this twofold purpose is of a temporary character; the second relates to the long future (it is hoped) of a restored Belgium, and is more important. Appeal is made to libraries and publishing houses and individuals for books, especially duplicates that can be easily spared, and to learned societies and educational institutions for sets of their publications. But provisionally, and until the return of peace, promises only are desired, there being no present facilities for the receipt and storage of these gifts. Money, however, at the earliest moment, will be welcome for the immediate aid of Belgian scholars, writers, and artists, and for the creation of a substantial reconstruction fund; and it is, in the committee's words, "the élite of the American people," those interested in the diffusion of knowledge and the growth of art, rather than the general public, that must be looked to for this aid. Associate membership in this band of workers is offered at ten dollars a year during the war and for two years thereafter, sustaining membership at one hundred dollars annually, and fellowship at one thousand dollars annually. Remittance should be made to Mr. John Joy Edson, Treasurer, 309 Wilkins Bldg., Washington, D. C. Mr. Nevil Monroe Hopkins is chairman of the committee, and Professor George Sarton, of the University of Ghent, but at present in Washington, is secretary.

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE OLD SCHOOL, eminent in the art of writing something more than mere news bulletins such as the modern press agency sends forth from all parts of the world to all parts of the world, George Washburn Smalley, who died in London on the fourth of this month, leaves a long and enviable record of journalistic achievement. He was born in 1833 at Franklin, Mass. "My Memoirs," he writes in opening his "Anglo-American Memories," a substantial two-volume retrospect, "begin with that New England of fifty years ago and more which has pretty well passed out of existence. I knew all or nearly all the men who made that generation famous: Everett; Charles Sumner, 'the whitest soul I ever knew,' said Emerson; Wendell Phillips; Garrison; Andrew, the greatest of the great 'War Governors'; Emerson; Wendell Holmes; Theodore Parker; Lowell, and many more; and of all I shall presently have something to say." What he says is well worth reading, as is also his earlier book, "Studies of Men." So long and actively had he mingled with men who were making history that his reminiscences of those men had more than a personal or biographical interest. In education he was a product of both Yale and Harvard, the former having given him his academic training, the latter his professional outfit; for before he entered upon journalism he both studied and for five years practised law. But the Civil War claimed his energies as correspondent from the front for the New York "Tribune." Later he became a member of that journal's editorial staff, then organized its European bureau in

London, and had charge of its European correspondence until 1895, when he accepted the post of American correspondent of the London "Times." Ten years ago he retired from active journalism, though continuing to write occasionally for the New York "Tribune," which published serially his "Anglo-American Memories," and for magazines. In 1878 he spared enough time from journalism to serve as Special Commissioner of the United States at the Paris Exposition. He compiled a volume of Bright's speeches in 1868, and wrote a "Life of Sir Sidney Waterlow" forty years later.

BOOKSHELVES IN EVOLUTION have in no single treatise received the exhaustive study that might be given to the subject. From the solidly built wall-bookcase to the skeleton construction of steel that graces the modern bookstack and adjusts itself to volumes of varying sizes, is a considerable advance in utility and in beauty. The development of the book-rest, or reading-desk, that sprang from the wall at right-angles in such manner as to receive necessary light from an adjacent window, into the tier of shelves abutting against the wall, was an early step in bookshelf-evolution; but the rigidly-built, non-adjustable wooden shelving was a long time in giving way to the present-day adaptable construction. No rational system of book-classification and book-arrangement was easily possible under such primitive conditions. Our oldest circulating library, that founded by Franklin and his associates in Philadelphia in 1731, continued for more than a century and a half to classify its books, with rough-and-ready simplicity, as folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos, shelving them merely according to size. This rude classification effected much saving of space, but served no other purpose, unless it were to promote in the librarian, as it certainly did in the instance of Lloyd P. Smith, an extraordinary development of the "bump of locality" in respect to the many separate works on a single subject in the large and constantly growing collection. Wooden shelves supported by wooden pegs inserted in holes in the uprights, and thus capable of being raised or lowered at will, were a step in the right direction; and the modern steel shelf, of open-bar construction and easily adjustable, is the logical continuation of the movement toward a strong and flexible and dustless system of shelving. The styles of bookstack offered by different manufacturers, with remarks on library equipment by librarians of experience, will be found in the current issue of the "Library Journal" by any seeker after knowledge and useful information in this technical branch of library lore.

THE CAPTAIN OF HIS SOUL, as the afflicted author of "Invictus" might not inappropriately be called, is conspicuous among the choice spirits admirably portrayed by Mrs. Pennell in her "Nights," a book for the elect, of the elect, and by one of the elect—as will be found more fully set forth on a later page. Henley must have been a terror to those whom he opposed, or who opposed him, but at this distance of time and place one can admire the



uprightness and downrightness of the man and the invincibility of his courage and spirit under grievous physical infirmity. "Rarely has a man so hampered by his body kept his spirit so gay," says Mrs. Pennell. "He was meant to be a splendid creature physically, and fate made him a helpless cripple—who was it once described him as 'the wounded Titan'?" Everybody knows the story: he made sure that everybody should by telling it in his 'Hospital Verses.' But everybody cannot know who did not know him how bravely he accepted his disaster. It seemed to me characteristic once when a young cousin of mine, a girl at the most susceptible age of hero-worship, meeting him for the first time in our chambers and volunteering, in the absence of anybody else available, to fetch the cab he needed, thought his allowing her to go on such an errand for him the eccentricity of genius and never suspected his lameness until he stood up and took his crutch from the corner. There was nothing about him to suggest the cripple." Possibly if he had kept out of his verses all reference to his sturdy endurance of "the bludgeonings of chance" we should like him even better than we do. But on the other hand, if he had done so, how would his readers, or most of them, have known anything about that which now stirs their admiration?

...

THE CHILD AND HIS "LIBRARY" might form the subject of an interesting and amusing and instructive book such as has not yet been written. To the child the "library" is quite as often the borrowed book from the public collection of reading matter as it is the building and its contents, just as with his elders the word "laundry" means both the package of napery and underwear submitted for washing and also the establishment in which the washing is done. A passage from the current Report of the Malden (Mass.) Public Library is here in place. Rapid increase in the number of juvenile borrowers has made necessary the building of an addition, an exclusively children's annex. Just before its occupancy Mr. Fison, the librarian, reported: "This department, which was considered crowded a year ago, shows an increase of 11 per cent in the circulation of books, and at times the help of three or four additional assistants has been required to look after the children. The largest day's circulation was 621. Forty-one per cent of the entire circulation of the main library was juvenile. When we report that 11 per cent more children's books were circulated, we ought to add that about 44 per cent more children have visited the rooms this year, for it is a universal custom that when a child comes to change his 'libraries,' as he generally calls his books, he is sure to bring, at least, three others with him to see that it is properly done, and any boy or girl who cannot muster three followers has no social standing whatever."

...

THE CREATOR OF GALLAGHER AND VAN BIBBER, whose sayings and doings were interesting some appreciable fraction of the reading public a quarter of a century ago, has died suddenly in the very prime of life, but with a record of literary

work to his credit that, in quantity and in good average quality, many a far older writer has failed to equal. Richard Harding Davis was born in Philadelphia in 1864, the son of L. Clarke and Rebecca Blaine (Harding) Davis, both well known in the world of letters. After graduation from Lehigh University and a special course of one year at Johns Hopkins, he entered upon journalism, his father's calling, and from that soon passed to the writing of fiction, his mother's literary occupation. "Gallagher," a story of newspaper life, is said to have achieved thirteen rejections before its lucky acceptance by "Scribner's Magazine," after which its author had little experience of editorial rebuffs. War-correspondence, novel-writing, short stories, plays, descriptions of travel, tales for children—all these have claimed his energies, and in all his work he has been successful in pleasing the popular taste. The London "Times" and the New York "Herald" secured his services as war correspondent, and he saw actual fighting and described it in his reports on the Turko-Greek, the Spanish-American, the South African, and the Russo-Japanese wars. He was, at the time of his death, on April 11, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, a member of the Aero Club of America, and also a member of the Explorers' Club of America. The list of his books is too long to give here, and too easily accessible, in books of reference and in library catalogues, to require any such detailed mention.

...

A GIFT OF LINCOLN MANUSCRIPTS of no small value has been made to the Library of Congress by Mr. Clarence L. Hay, and another of almost equal interest by Miss Helen Nicolay. Mr. Hay, acting for himself and sisters, presented two drafts of the Gettysburg address, one of which the speaker is said to have held in his hand when he delivered that memorable oration. Perhaps the familiar legend of Lincoln's reading that speech from the backs of old envelopes pressed into service at the last moment will now be either confirmed or refuted. The draft of the second inaugural address was also handed to Librarian Putnam by Mr. Hay. These three autograph manuscripts had belonged to the late Secretary John Hay. Miss Nicolay gave Lincoln's autograph memorandum, prepared August 23, 1864, when he thought his re-election in grave doubt and desired to forecast a plan of coöperation with the president-elect for the saving of the Union. This document, endorsed by the members of his cabinet and sealed, was opened and read to the cabinet after the election, and was preserved by his private secretary, John G. Nicolay, whose daughter now places it in the government's keeping.

...

COLLEGE VERSE may seldom attain the sublimities or the profundities, but within its proper domain of the youthfully buoyant, the brisk, the piquant, the humorous, and occasionally the gracefully sentimental, it is not seldom excellent reading. For pure fun in rollicking rhyme what could be better than some of the verse in the Harvard "Lampoon" or any one of perhaps a dozen other similar mouth-

pieces of student wit and humor? In what environment but that of an American college could there have started such a periodical as "The Purple Cow," which had its birth (not as a calf) at Williams College nearly nine years ago? A fit name, surely, for a humorous publication in a college of such bucolic surroundings as Williams. Mr. Alfred Noyes has been editing a volume of Princeton undergraduate verse, and his name on the title-page will serve as no slight attestation to the worth of the book's contents. He goes so far as to say of these Princeton poems that they attain "a higher standard than is found in similar works edited in England by Gilbert Murray and Quiller-Couch." This, if correctly reported, is no small praise. At Oxford and Cambridge the cultivation of poetry has for ages been stimulated by the offer of prizes and honors to successful contestants, whereas in this country athletics rather than poetics has long been the one engrossing interest outside the prescribed academic pursuits, or rather to their exclusion in many instances.

...

THE RETIREMENT OF A VETERAN PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH is announced as soon to take place at Yale. Professor Henry Augustin Beers, one of the oldest members of the Yale faculty, though still lacking more than a year of the scriptural three-score and ten, will bring his present labors to a close at the end of this college year. In 1880 he was appointed to the chair of English in the Sheffield Scientific School, and by virtue of seniority in this department he has for some time been its head in the University. Four courses will have to be provided with other teachers at his retirement. That on "New England Writers" will next year be incorporated in Professor William Lyon Phelps's course in "American Literature." The lectures on Milton will be given by Professor Lawrence Mason, those on "Aspects of the Drama" by Mr. A. I. Taft, and Dr. S. T. Williams will handle the "Selected Topics from the Literature of the Victorian Age." Professor Beers is best known to the reading public for his compilation, "A Century of American Literature," issued in 1878, his "Sketch of English Literature," and his life of N. P. Willis in the "American Men of Letters" series. As a magazine writer also his name is familiar, and what he has to say is more than likely to be well worth reading.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

#### BACONIAN METHODS OF CONTROVERSY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I know neither Dr. Tannenbaum nor Mr. Basil Lupton, and have only a languid interest in the Shakespeare-Bacon question, believing that as long as we have the works to read and study it makes little difference whether they were written by "the paltry actor" or "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." But I have been much interested in the controversy between the two gentlemen referred to that has been going on in your columns, because

Mr. Lupton's letters furnish such admirable illustrations of the methods of the controversialist intent only on winning an apparent victory, that from one point of view they may be regarded as masterpieces. Possibly you can find space for consideration, somewhat lengthy but made as brief as possible, of those methods.

First: Misrepresenting an opponent's statements and their purpose; usually quite effective, for few will look back to see what actually was said and why.

Illustrations: Dr. Tannenbaum asserts in his review of Mr. Baxter's "The Greatest of Literary Problems" (THE DIAL, Dec. 9) that that writer "selects for quotation only such allusions and references to the poet-dramatist about which there can be some doubt" and "suppresses or distorts" evidence that "Shakespeare was very frequently spoken of by his contemporaries." To support this serious charge, he shows that Mr. Baxter rejects the testimony of Chettle, Greene, Heywood, Jonson, and Heminge and Condell on irrelevant or unintelligible grounds; makes no mention of the inscription on Shakespeare's monument; and has not "even so much as hinted at" nine "unequivocal references to Shakespeare as a poet." Mr. Lupton makes no endeavor to refute the charge, but writes (issue of Jan. 20), as though the references had been given as proof that the actor and the author were one and the same person, "Mr. Tannenbaum's reasoning would be paralleled by stringing together a number of passages in praise of George Eliot's novels, and proceeding to argue that the author of the novels must have been a man of that name." Dr. Tannenbaum having failed in his letter published February 17 to point out this misrepresentation, Mr. Lupton in his communication of March 16 writes: "Dr. Tannenbaum appears blind to my point that no amount of contemporary praise of the Shakespeare plays and poems can be regarded as evidence of the authorship." This is shrewd, for of course it looks as though he had the Doctor "stumped."

Several other illustrations of the use of this method could be cited; but one, the most pronounced of all, must suffice. In the issue of January 20, Mr. Lupton asserts that by unearthing Shakespeare's deposition in the Bellott-Mountjoy lawsuit, Professor Wallace "unwittingly proved conclusively that the actor was unable to write, because his name is written by a law clerk in law script, and the deponent made his mark beneath the signature." Dr. Tannenbaum then comments (Feb. 17): "No human being outside of a lunatic asylum, or a fit candidate for one, who has ever seen a facsimile of the deposition and the witness's signature can for a single moment entertain the belief that the abbreviated signature was written by the clerk who wrote the deposition. No sane person who knows anything of graphology can for a moment doubt that the signature in question is an unquestioned Shakespeare autograph; and that the deposition as well as the signature are in the hand-writing that was in general use at the time. Has Mr. Lupton mistaken the *lex scripta* for law script? Furthermore, what Mr. Lupton calls a 'mark' beneath the signature

is only a small blot. Had the witness not been able to sign his name, the clerk would have written the name, and would have written the words 'his mark' between the Christian name and the surname, in accordance with general usage." Mr. Lupton thus answers (March 16): "Dr. Tannenbaum gives his case away when he admits that the body of the deposition . . . and the signature are in the same hand-writing. . . . The signature is written by the law clerk, and the mark (dot or cross is immaterial) is added by the illiterate deponent—Shakspeare." This is excellent! See how by the simple transmogrification of "in the hand-writing that was in general use at the time" into "in the same hand-writing" the Doctor has been made to "admit" what he so roundly asserted no sane person could believe: how the "blot" has become a "dot"; how the statement that had he written the signature the law clerk would have written "the words 'his mark' between the Christian name and the surname, in accordance with general usage" is ignored; and how the light and airy "dot or cross is immaterial" suggests that Dr. Tannenbaum's main point is that the "mark" is not a cross, though in fact he made no reference whatever to a cross. If the reader is not completely deceived, it is because even a controversialist has his limitations.

Second: Stating so simply and positively as apparently to preclude all possibility of denial that an opponent has not done what in fact he has. This is a very common method, and is frequently very briefly characterized.

Illustration: Mr. Lupton having said (Jan. 20) that none of the contemporary writers cited in the review, "with possibly one exception, identifies the author with the Stratford actor," Dr. Tannenbaum asserts (Feb. 17) that "Mr. Lupton is not telling the truth," and reminds him of "Ben Jonson's wholly unequivocal identification of Shakespeare with Stratford," "the testimony of Shakespeare's monument in Stratford," and Leonard Digges's reference to that monument in the First Folio. Mr. Lupton replies (March 16) that "he does not hesitate to say I am not telling the truth, yet he does not indicate where I am at fault."

Third: Ignoring a principal point found incontrovertible and treating a subsidiary matter as if it were the main point.

Illustration: Among the references given in the review, Dr. Tannenbaum calls especial attention to one in which "the dramatist is unequivocally spoken of as an actor,"—a poem by John Davies, "To our English Terence, Mr. Will: Shakespeare" who "plaid some kingly parts in sport." Mr. Lupton writes (Jan. 20) that none of the authors cited by Dr. Tannenbaum, "with possibly one exception, identifies the author with the Stratford actor, and this possible exception is by no means a clear exception. The phrase 'our English Terence' suggests a pseudonym, if the Terence plays were the work of Caius Laelius." Note the eloquent silence as to the quotation "plaid some kingly parts in sport"!

Fourth: Raising an issue other than the one under consideration and endeavoring to divert the discussion to that—the method recommended by

Schopenhauer to a controversialist who feels that he is being worsted.

Illustration: Dr. Tannenbaum comments thus (Feb. 17) on the quotation from Mr. Lupton just given: "He refers to John Davies's poem in which Shakespeare is spoken of as 'our English Terence,' and says that if the Terence plays were the work of Caius Laelius then Davies's allusion 'suggests a pseudonym.' This, then, proves nothing, and may be equivocal. It is amazing what wizardry an 'if' exerts upon a Baconian." Mr. Lupton then asserts (March 16): "The theory that the Terence plays were the work of Caius Laelius, is dismissed by Dr. Tannenbaum with a sneer," and then adds: "A genuine literary student would be interested to know what Cicero and other contemporary writers tell us of the subject." Of course, any "sneer" that may exist in Dr. Tannenbaum's remarks is not at "the theory that the Terence plays were the work of Caius Laelius," in which for aught that appears to the contrary he may be a firm believer; and "what Cicero and other contemporary writers tell us of the subject" like "the flowers that bloom in the Spring," has "nothing to do with the case," the real question being, if this theory is to be brought into the discussion, what John Davies thought about it and what reason he had for believing that his contemporaries would understand such a cryptic suggestion. But suggesting that Dr. Tannenbaum has sneered at the theory and lugging in Cicero may involve him in a discussion concerning it, and that troublesome quotation from Davies may be lost in the shuffle.

Fifth: Stating matters of mere opinion as if they were indisputable facts.

Illustrations: The assertions (March 16) that Ben Jonson's play proves that the application for the Shakespeare coat-of-arms was "a subject of mirth at the time"; that "many persons were in the secret" that Shakespeare was not the author of the plays attributed to him; that Greene's allusion to "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers" "indicates the paltry actor strutting about decked out as a dramatic author"; that the quotation from Nash is "a hit at Bacon, a lawyer . . . turning playwright"; that Bacon and Jonson composed the Leonard Digges verses in the First Folio and the inscription on the Shakespeare monument, and that they worked "to put the public on a wrong scent,"—not one of which assertions is believed by the vast majority of Shakespearean scholars. Mr. Lupton's animating principle seems to be "I believe it, therefore it is an indisputable fact," rather than "It is an indisputable fact, therefore I believe it."

Sixth: In default of evidence or argument, putting forth an *obiter dictum* confidently as though it were a generally recognised truth, and, if occasion offers, repeating it more elaborately. The confident tone will impose on some readers and the particularity on others.

Illustrations: Dr. Tannenbaum says (Dec. 9) that the Baconians "exasperate the orthodox Shakespearean by spelling the Stratfordian's name 'Shakspeare.'" Mr. Lupton replies (Jan. 20): "Mr. Tannenbaum's displeasure does not alter the fact that the difference does exist" "between the



actor's name, Shakspeare, and the author's pseudonym, Shakespeare or Shake-speare," "and it exists quite as clearly as the difference between Tannenbaum and Rosenbaum." Dr. Tannenbaum replies (Feb. 17): "I have yet to see any evidence that 'Shakespeare' was a pseudonym. As to Mr. Lupton's confident assertion that 'Shakspeare' and 'Shakespeare' are essentially different names, I venture to say that his confidence is probably in inverse proportion to his knowledge of the subject." Mr. Lupton makes no attempt to supply the evidence that Dr. Tannenbaum has "yet to see," but instead gives (March 16) the pronunciation, an alternative spelling that "proves" it, and a possible derivation of "the Stratford actor's name 'Shakspeare'" and the pronunciation, an alternative spelling that "proves" it, and a derivation of "the author's pseudonym," Shakespeare. Of course, the differentiation is a modern invention, to uphold which there must be explained away the facts that the first of "The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes" that precedes the list of plays in the First Folio is William "Shakespeare," and that "Shakespeare" is the name that is signed to one of the folios of Shakespeare's will, that appears on the Stratford monument, in the reference to that monument in Digges's poem in the First Folio, and "in the grant of arms in 1596, in the license to the players of 1603, and in the text of all the legal documents relating to the poet's property." (Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*, page 285).

These, then, are Mr. Lupton's methods, as any one can easily verify by reference to the issues of *THE DIAL* of December 9, January 20, February 17, and March 16. What is it that actuates the "Baconians and anti-Willians" anyhow? Is it fondness for fair play, desire to do justice, and a sincere and disinterested love of truth for its own sake?

Mr. Lupton says (March 16) that "dear old Dr. Furnivall . . . used to get quite angry when he saw nail after nail of modern reasoning and research driven into the coffin of the man of Stratford"; if his own letters are specimens of the "modern reasoning and research," it must have been something other than the feeling that "nail after nail" was being "driven into the coffin of the man of Stratford" that made the good Doctor "quite angry." Nails! Why, they are not even brass tacks!

WILLIAM DALLAM ARMES.

Berkeley, Cal., April 14, 1916.

#### IN PRAISE OF "SPOON RIVER." (To the Editor of *THE DIAL*.)

I have noted a communication in your issue of March 30 recording the reactions of one of your readers to the "Spoon River Anthology" by Mr. Edgar Lee Masters. "Spoon River" needs no apologia. Yet there seem to be some who, like your correspondent, crave an apologia,—some who, not finding one in the accepted oracles of criticism, vacillate and are half inclined to think that the book can be dismissed after all with a curt reference to "reptile," "slime," "vulgarity," and "sexual psychology." It is a satisfaction to answer the

challenge of doubt by a statement of personal conviction; and without speaking for anyone but myself, I venture an explanation of why I believe "Spoon River" is not Death, but Life.

Briefly, it is because I believe it a sign of weakness, of morbidity, when the reader demands of his literature a presentation of life more wholesome and more idealistic than life itself. To crave a coloring or varnishing of the truth instead of the truth itself is to confess an intellectual disease; and to yield utterly to that craving, to shut out of one's vision the spectacle of folly and ironic fate and wrong, is to become a spiritual invalid, a dead soul.

Because our literature is full of a decadent sentimentality, glossing over the black horrors of a chaotic universe, minimizing them, palliating them, denying them, finding pretext after pretext for extracting a far-fetched right out of an unadulterated wrong, one turns from it as from the tempered and medicated atmosphere of a hospital to the cold air of a world where men can face facts. And such a world one finds in "Spoon River." Can anyone deny that things do happen as they happen in "Spoon River"? Or must one deny it because no comforting assurance that the evil deserved their fate or that the good are to be rewarded in another world is appended to each confession? Of course, if one gazes at the fiends and their victims in Malebolge, it is a relief to have the liquid Italian lines to reassure him that it is all the operation of a mysterious justice. It is but natural, too, that a man seeing about him a real world as hellish in some of its corners as Malebolge should summon, in the veriest panic, the sophistical philosopher, the smooth-spoken parson, or the dreaming poet to furnish the pretexts or the illusions he requires. So coddled and drugged, he finds living endurable. From the writer who bids him look on the stark reality of one tragedy, unredeemed by pageantry or an appearance of justice or promises of compensation, he withholds the title of literature. Perhaps, evading the issue, he withholds it on the flimsy pretext that the form is not that of what he has been accustomed to call poetry. Let the quibbler have his way: let him call it puckery or piggery or pork-packery; but will he deny its likeness to a part of the living world?

After all, why are Crabbe and Scott and Wordsworth cried up for a Return to Nature as vociferously as Zola, Hardy, and Mr. Masters are cried down for a Return to Reality? It is not because Crabbe and Scott and Wordsworth excluded the trivial, the tawdry, the cloacaline, but because they were willing to furnish the spiritual anesthetics that left one in a cheerful frame of mind. The vulgarity of Shakespeare is pardoned because it is laughable. The appalling catastrophes of "Lear," "Othello," and "Hamlet" are found to be not only endurable but also edifying because Eternal Justice is exemplified, first, in the fact that the evil are involved with the good in their fall; and, secondly, in the fact that the vices of the good,—Lear's lack of insight, Othello's rash trustfulness, and Hamlet's speculative itch,—found in agony and death a chastisement richly deserved. In

Mr. Masters's book, the trivial and disgusting are not pardoned because they are treated with "high seriousness." The catastrophes and mockeries of circumstance which he depicts are not considered edifying because he does not allow the reader to discover the consoling circumstance, the vindicating theory, which reconciles him to the world as it is.

Let us cease our clamor for a literature which reads into the world some cosmic idealism, which finds a sublime destiny in the drunkard's last delirium, in the embrace of the jaded street-walker, in the demoniac task of the stoker, in the convulsive breathing of the gas-poisoned soldier, in the blighting of child life in the sweat shop and factory. Let us say to ourselves: "No casuistry will obliterate, no dreams obscure, no religion glorify, these horrors. What are we going to do about it?" Arrived at that stage, perhaps we shall turn the enormous force of our wasted energies,—wasted in soul salves and trifling reforms,—into the task of tasks, the transformation of the world as it is into a world which will need no apologies, no discreet concealments, a world not unworthy of a God. We shall be skeptical of the power of passing Pippas or Third Floor Backs to work miracles on whole communities, or of social settlements to combat by magic the organic operation of the forces of greed, ignorance, and vice. I do not belittle such influences, and am far from opposing them. But to see in them the hope of the future is grossly to under-estimate the task. What concrete steps the awakened power and vision of humanity will take to abolish poverty, to answer the needs of sex, to afford expression to the higher capacities of all, it is not for me here to speak, and the suggestions of to-day will seem the puerilities of the next century. But we may be sure of one thing that will characterize that constructive age: it will not demand of its literature the blinking of any reality whatsoever; if it demands the "noble and profound application of ideas to life," it will not accept as such the vaporings of any well-meaning man with an imagination and a gift for language, who discovers felicities where they do not exist and extenuates unnecessary and appalling ills; who rhapsodizes about airy abstractions like Duty, Liberty, and the Will, without any scientific analysis or any full realization of their application to any concrete problem; who, in short, offers the ideas he has read into life instead of the ideas he has read out of life. In that day, we may believe, "Spoon River" will be read as a book that faithfully mirrored a microcosm palpitant with vitality, that did not blink the worms that grope through ordure, or dim the splendor of those energies that now seem groping too, but which, we may reasonably hope, if they are redirected, will evolve a new world.

Urbana, Ill., April 15, 1916. R. S. LOOMIS.

#### IS BACON NOT "SHAKE-SPEARE"?

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your issues of Dec. 9 and March 2, Mr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum replies to the following anti-Shaksperians, Mr. James P. Baxter and Mr. George G. Greenwood respectively. Mr. Baxter's

book, "The Greatest of Literary Problems," contains in its last pages—which Mr. Tannenbaum purposely avoids answering (because it "deals with ciphers," etc.)—an explanation of a point that has clearly baffled both Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Tannenbaum.

In replying to Mr. Greenwood's recently published book, "Is There a Shakespeare Problem?" Mr. Tannenbaum takes issue with Mr. Greenwood's contention that a verse in the 1604 Quarto Edition of "Hamlet" shows the author to have been a classical scholar conversant with the view of Aristotle and other philosophers that there can be no motion without sense, or sense without a soul.

The "Hamlet" quarto verse is as follows:

"Sence sure you have  
Els could you not have motion."

Taking with Mr. Tannenbaum the word "sence" to include mental faculties, the error of the philosophy just expressed is manifest to any who have seen a snake's tail move after its severance from the body. So that Mr. Tannenbaum is right in saying that the passage is inane (more especially in connection with the "Hamlet" context), and Mr. Greenwood is right in implying that the author was misled by a "classical" error. Neither calls attention to the fact that the Folio Edition of "Hamlet" omitted these lines, and that is where Mr. Baxter's wider view clears up the matter, as your readers will find on pages 497-8 of his book, where he shows that the omission of this verse from the 1623 "Hamlet" was coincident with Bacon's correction in the 1623 edition of his "Advancement of Learning" (or "Augmentis") of the "classical" view expressed in the 1605 edition thereof—that "in the absence of sense there can be no motion." In the 1623 edition, Bacon states that "ignorance drove some of the ancient philosophers to suppose that a soul was infused into all bodies without distinction; since they could not conceive how there could be motion at discretion without sense, or sense without a soul."

It seems to me that Mr. Baxter has raised the real question as to this point when he says: "In the First Folio of the 'Shakespeare' Works published the same year, the lines from the earlier Hamlet were left out. By whom and why were they cancelled if not by Bacon, who was then seeing his 'Augmentis' through Jaggard's press?" That is the question for your readers to decide before concluding that Bacon is not "Shakespeare."

HAROLD S. HOWARD.

Livermore, Cal., April 12, 1916.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I wish to appeal to the omniscient constituency of THE DIAL to inform me, through its columns, concerning what famous man it was true that he had inscribed on his monument that he had repaid both friends and enemies more than he had received. I have an impression, but only a dim one, that it was some old Greek or Roman; but I cannot recall his identity.

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Tokyo, Japan, March 30, 1916.

### The New Books.

#### LEISURE HOURS OF A LITERARY LIFE.\*

More than seventeen centuries ago Aulus Gellius gave to the world his "Noctes Atticæ," somewhat less than a century ago John Wilson (or Christopher North, as he called himself in literature) was busy with his "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and now we have another book of a similar title though of a different character from either of these,—a volume of "Nights" by Mrs. Joseph Pennell, which, to establish a sort of kinship with the other two, we might call "Noctes Pennellianæ." It gives us the nocturnal diversions of the gifted artist and his equally, though differently, gifted wife in the four European cities, Rome, Venice, London, and Paris, where Mr. and Mrs. Pennell were at one time and another busily engaged by day in filling commissions, to the subsequent satisfaction of magazine-readers and others, and less strenuously occupied after nightfall in cultivating a considerable number of desirable friendships. Conventional Philadelphia breeding and respectable Philadelphia traditions seem to have been subjected to some little violence in the bohemianizing process wrought by these innocently mirthful, harmlessly convivial Roman and Venetian, London and Parisian nights. The late hours, extending into early morning hours, kept by the choice spirits with whom these expatriated Philadelphians consorted as by a kind of natural affinity, were not the best preparation for a following day of diligent toil at desk or easel; but one cannot doubt that they were worth all they cost. Their later fruit, at least, in the agreeable literary and artistic and personal reminiscences now put into book form, is something to be unreservedly thankful for. Taking the nights in the order of their rehearsal, let us make our first dip into the book in the Roman section and join the Pennells and sundry others at the home of the artist Elihu Vedder and his wife:

There was little of his work to see, for his studio was some distance from his apartment. But it was enough to see Vedder himself or, for that matter, enough to hear him. In his own house he led the talk, even Forepaugh [a fictitious name] having small chance against him. He was a prolific, a splendidly determined and animated talker. It was stimulating just to watch him talk. He was never still, he rarely sat down, he was always moving about, walking up and down, at times breaking into song and even into dance. He was then in his prime, large, with

a fine expressive face, and as American in his voice, in his manner, in his humour as if he had never crossed the Atlantic. The true American never gets Europeanized, nor does he want to, however long he may stay on the wrong side of the Atlantic. When I was with Vedder, Broadway always seemed nearer than the *Corso*.

He had recently finished the illustrations for the *Rubaiyat* and the book was published while we were in Rome. It was never long out of his talk. He would tell us the history of every design and of every model or pot in it. He exulted in the stroke of genius by which he had invented a composition or a pose. I have heard him describe again and again how he drew the flight of a spirit from a model, outstretched and flopping up and down on a feather bed laid upon the studio floor, until she almost fainted from fatigue, while he worked from a hammock slung just above.

Instances follow of the artist's high esteem for FitzGerald (who is incorrectly referred to as "Fitzgerald"), especially his rejoicing "in the story of Dr. Chamberlain filling a difficult tooth for the Queen and all the while singing the praises of the *Rubaiyat* until she ordered a copy of the *édition de luxe*."

From the Venetian section a reviewer cannot do better than to quote a passage concerning the brilliant and eccentric genius whom the writer was destined to see much of in the near future and, with her husband's collaboration, to make the subject of a notable biography.

It was extraordinary how the Whistler tradition had developed and strengthened in the little more than four years since he had left Venice. I had never met him then, though J. had a few months before in London. I hardly hoped ever to meet him; I certainly could not expect that the day would come when he would be our friend, with us constantly, letting us learn far more about him and far more intimately than from all the talk at a *café* table of those who already know him, accepted him as a master, and loved him as a man. But had my knowledge of him come solely from those months in Venice I should still have realized the power of his personality and the force of his influence. He seemed to pervade the place, to colour the atmosphere. He had stayed in Venice only about a year. In the early eighties little had been written of him except in contempt or ridicule. But to the artist he had become as essentially a part of Venice, his work as inseparable from its associations, as the Venetian painters like Carpaccio and Tintoretto who had lived and worked there all their lives and about whom a voluminous literature had grown up, culminating in the big and little volumes by Ruskin, upon which the public crowding to Venice based their artistic creed.

Any exaggeration in this estimate of Whistler's Venetian fame will be readily pardoned. Anything is better than to damn one's friends with faint praise.

In the considerable section devoted to London there occurs, among other pleasing pen-portraits, this of the amiable and talented though strangely taciturn Phil May:

Neither his books nor his silence, however original and personal, could have been the cause of the charm he undoubtedly possessed. I think he was one of the people whom one feels are nice instinctively, without

\* NIGHTS. Rome, Venice, in the *Aesthetic Eighties*. London, Paris, in the *Fighting Nineties*. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.



any reason. He was sympathetic and responsive, serious when the occasion called for it, foolish when folly was in order. It wasn't only in his drawings that he was ready to wear the cap and bells. I know an artist, one of whose cherished memories of Phil May is of the Christmas Eve when they both rang Lord Leighton's door-bell and ran away and back to Phil May's studio on the other side of the road, and Phil May was as pleased as if it had been a masterpiece for *Punch*.

In the spirit of gay and frivolous Paris is the following extract from the Parisian portion of the book. The writer and her companion were young at the time of this joyous first sojourn in the French capital:

Occasionally we dined joyously beyond our means, and one memorable year we devoted our nights to giving each other dinners where the best dinners were to be had. Those alone who are blest with little money and the obligation of making that little can appreciate the splendour of our recklessness, just as those alone who work all day and eat sparingly can have the proper regard for a good dinner. I do not regret the recklessness, I am not much the poorer for it to-day whatever I was at the time, and I should have missed something out of life had I not once dined recklessly in Paris.

Thus in bright and cheery vein does Mrs. Pennell write of those memorable European nights, wisely forgetting, for the time being, whatever hardships and anxieties entered into the days. Her playfellow and co-worker in those nights and days contributes of his art to the embellishment of the volume, which is further illustrated from photographs and otherwise. It is a thoroughly wholesome and enjoyable piece of work, personally reminiscent (or one might say gossipy) without malice, and anecdotal without triviality.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

#### SOCIAL JUSTICE AND RELIGIOUS EVOLUTION.\*

To the innumerable company of simple folk who, in these troublous times, are daily groaning under the burden of an unintelligible world, the recently published little book, "The Struggle for Justice," by Mr. Louis Wallis, following upon the same author's larger work, "A Sociological Study of the Bible," to which it forms an addendum, will serve to illuminate some of the dark places in our historical retrospect, and to throw a ray of light upon the path to be followed in the immediate future. In the older parts of the world, the struggle for justice is not, as in America, a thing of modern growth. The effort of labor to free itself from the tyranny of privilege is as old as history, and is first brought to light

in human records in the account of the revolt of Israel against his taskmasters the Egyptians, under the leadership of that greatest and gentlest of labor-agitators the world has ever seen, Moses the Jewish Law-giver. There can be little doubt in the mind of the thoughtful and impartial student of history that this perpetual internecine warfare has been the real cause, underlying those that appear on the surface, of the rhythmic rise and fall of empires in the far-distant past. The enslavement of the common people, and the engendering of a political dry-rot among the ruling classes through the spread of idleness and luxury; the growth of a swollen and top-heavy condition with an outward appearance of health and an inward condition of corruption; a revolt from below and an unsteady resistance from above; a violent shaking of the substratum and the collapse of the superstructure,—such has been for the most part the record of the decline and fall of civilizations since the beginning of written history. Such, in brief, is the tale of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

To those who have sufficient vision to discern the signs of the times, and into whose consciousness recent European events are being burned as by a branding-iron, it is becoming increasingly clear that the old world is at this moment paying the penalty of its age-long indifference to the demands of the workers for justice. It seems as though for Europe the day of reckoning has come. The god Nemesis has presented her bill and demands instant settlement. It should not be difficult for those who can look beyond proximate to original causes, to perceive that in the threatened or impending revolts from beneath, which seemed two years ago to endanger the internal stability of each one of the belligerent nations, are to be found the real reasons why Europe is now weltering in blood. Had Justice ruled in each of the warring countries; had the resources of each country been open to the effort of all the citizens in each country; had general contentment reigned alongside of each monarch on his throne; had every honest man sat securely under his own vine and fig tree, none daring to make him afraid, such an inhuman spectacle as we are now witnessing would have been impossible,—indeed, unthinkable. The question, therefore, which is probably pressing itself upon those European minds that are sufficiently freed from the asphyxiating influence of national passions to be capable of thinking, is not as to when and how the war may terminate, or as to what form a treaty of peace may assume, but as to whether the

\* THE STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE. By Louis Wallis. University of Chicago Press.

A SOCIOLOGICAL STUDY OF THE BIBLE. By Louis Wallis. University of Chicago Press.

nations that have been involved in the struggle may have sufficient vision to interpret the teaching of destiny aright. Will the suffering peoples learn that to go on perpetrating social injustice is to defy the inexorable laws of the universe; that it is to pile up a debit-balance that must assuredly one day be wiped out; that it is to accumulate explosive material that must ultimately, by spontaneous combustion if not by accident, result in disastrous conflagration? And what lesson does this world-tragedy contain for the neutral nations,—and especially for this greatest among neutrals, the United States? This is just the question that Mr. Wallis's two books should bring vividly to the mind of every thoughtful and patriotic American. Must we complete our apprenticeship in the art of right living by going through the same experiences of blundering and suffering, or may we learn in time that the laws of the universe are pledged to social justice, and that we violate these laws at our peril? America is in a peculiar sense at the parting of the ways, and those who most deeply love her institutions and ideals will most earnestly hope for such a national heart-searching as will reveal to her whether or not she is following in the footsteps of those countries whose accumulated sins are now being expiated on fields of blood.

In the "foreword" to "The Struggle for Justice," Mr. Wallis points out the interesting and extremely significant fact that two great movements, which to the casual thinker may seem to have no obvious relationship to each other, are converging to the same objective, like two rivers flowing together to form a larger stream. These are the awakening of the social conscience to the need for economic justice, and the modern re-interpretation of the religion of the Bible. It is upon these two movements that our Western civilization must rely for its preservation or escape from the catastrophe that has invariably overtaken its predecessors, even those that have attained to the highest point of distinction in commerce, science, art, and literature. And the value of such a sociological study as Mr. Wallis has given us lies just in this, that it reveals the close association which necessarily exists between the religion of dogmas and creeds and that form of society in which land-monopoly and privilege dominate the lives of the common people; and it reveals the equally vital or organic connection between the religion of social morality and the freer political institutions towards which mankind have always been struggling. In every age there has been a "New Theology"

alongside of a "New Sociology," the one being a revolt against the tyranny of dogmatic religion, and the other a bursting of the political and economic trammels that had circumscribed the life of the people. What distinguishes this double movement in the twentieth century from all similar movements that have preceded it is that it is now supported as it never has been before by knowledge and understanding of the art of Biblical and historical interpretation, on the one hand, and of the science of economics on the other.

It is strange indeed that we should so persistently have taken for granted that our primitive forefathers were possessed of an inherent tendency to metaphysical speculation, and that the religion of early races grew out of a desire to solve the riddle of the universe. If the method of explaining the past by observation of the processes we see in operation around us in the present is the method suggested by pure reason, then the assumption that our remote and unlettered ancestors evolved their religion out of their unsuccessful efforts to transcend the finite and to comprehend the infinite must be ruled out of court. For we now see plainly that the habit of metaphysical speculation is not natural to the *genus homo* except in his later and more complex developments. The natural, healthy, well-fed man has no immediate impulse toward theology, philosophy, or mysticism. The speculative instinct, like the æsthetic or mathematical faculties, only asserts itself after a substantial beginning has been made in the life that is based upon animal sensation, and in the construction of the intellectual machinery by which it is regulated. Why, then, should we have assumed that, while in our own days only the few leisured and educated among us have a tendency to look beyond the life of the passing day, the common people of remote ages soared among the immensities and eternities out of mere love of theological speculation? The assumption is obviously not a reasonable one, and can only have arisen through causes which we have not hitherto clearly diagnosed.

Mr. Benjamin Kidd, in his "Social Evolution," has propounded a theory which seems to provide an answer to this question. In the early days of social development, he points out, the interests of the race were sharply opposed to the personal interests of the individuals composing the race-group. From the point of view of that cosmic energy to which by a mental necessity we are compelled to attribute a personal volition, and which urges humanity to the conquest of the earth and

to the highest development of his powers in the arts and sciences, it was absolutely essential that men should be compelled to toil by some power external to themselves, some power stronger than the mere force of hunger that impels the animal to seek for food. In other words, it was necessary that the few strong men of exceptional intelligence should enslave the many and compel them to obedience,—it was necessary that injustice should provide the first stepping-stone to the higher life of society. It is evident that this hypothesis places the interests of the race and those of the vast majority of individuals at any given time in direct opposition to each other. The interests of the hive involve the complete subordination of the great army of individual bees who from generation to generation have occupied the hive. But why, it may be asked, should men have submitted to this subordination of their own interests to the future interests of the race,—a future in which, as individuals, they could have no part or share? Reason gave no sanction to it. By the appeal to force, the bands of slavery in all its forms could have been burst asunder in their earliest stages. But the power that rules human destiny seems rigorously to have determined that the interests of the race must be supreme, and so a supra-rational sanction had to be discovered for the subordination of the individual,—a sanction that would be above and independent of reason; and that sanction was found in the religion of dogma or authority, the religion which rests upon an assumed command of supernatural beings. The early structure of society, in short, necessitated a system of theology which postulated an external authority which was supposed to have ordered this subordination of the mass of men to the few powerful spirits among them; and so there arose that complex hierarchy of gods and demons, with their commandments and creeds and dogmas, to whom was attributed supreme power over the destinies of the race. The hypothesis may be expressed thus: given a certain economic or industrial form of society, there must evolve a certain system of theology to correspond, a system which will profess through its creeds and dogmas to authorize the existing structure of society, and which will serve to stifle the spirit of rebellion on the part of the sufferers under that structure. There is, in short, an organic connection between a religion of authority and dogmatism, and a structure of society which involves the absolute subordination of the many to the few.

With this hypothesis before us, it is of exceeding interest to follow Mr. Wallis in his

elucidation of the circumstances that led up to the struggle of the Hebrew people for the worship of the one god, as opposed to the cults of the many gods who reigned in the temples of the great powers of the time. "That struggle," says Mr. Wallis, "was not a mere theological contest between certain wise people who served a real God and certain foolish people who served unreal gods! It was a warfare between the principles of justice and injustice. The rise of monotheism and the downfall of polytheism spelled the triumph of the plain people over the aristocracy." This is indeed the burden of Mr. Wallis's message to our time, as it is contained in the two books before us. What we have hitherto wrongly interpreted as a perpetual intellectual warfare between older and newer metaphysical systems was at bottom a continuous struggle between those in possession of unjust privileges and those who suffered from that injustice. "Such as were oppressed had no comforter, but on the side of the oppressor there was power." The fact that this struggle against economic oppression assumed the thought-forms it did assume, should not have blinded us to the truth that its purpose was to burst the manacles of slavery. The refusal to bow to a king and to kneel to a priest are at bottom identical, as being expressions of the question that man was bound sooner or later with advancing intelligence to ask himself, "Why am I not free?" If we would see clearly on this matter we cannot get too firmly into our minds the thought expressed in the words of Mr. Wallis, "Religion is always the reflection, or mirror, of the conventional usages and views of Society," and the realization of the fact that a revolt against the fetters of law and custom invariably manifests itself as a revolt against the religion associated with, and giving its authority to, these customs.

How persistently this struggle between those on whose side was power and those who suffered and had no comforters, has gone on under all the changing forms of society and religious belief is impressively shown in the course of Mr. Wallis's study of Hebrew history. After the motley crowd of gods and goddesses who reigned in the temples had been dismissed, and the one true God was established on his eternal throne, the conflict between power and freedom expressed itself in a new form. "As soon as Monotheism was established, a new struggle arose over the question, How is the One God to be served?" Then began that conflict that has been waged all through the succeeding ages between priest and prophet, between dogmatist and moralist,



between orthodoxy and heterodoxy, between the upholders of ancient beliefs and the seekers after new truths. And the outstanding fact, the significance of which we are only now beginning dimly to perceive, is that the priest, the dogmatist, and the orthodox upholder of things as they have been have invariably been ranged on the side of power and privilege; while the moralist, the prophet, and the heterodox religionist have at all times been the supporters of the oppressed and disinherited. The agitation for justice in social relationships has never proceeded from the religion of dogma and authority, but always from the religious heretics,—from those who believed that the One God was to be worshipped, not by giving credence to alleged happenings in the past or future or assent to certain creeds or dogmas, but by setting up principles of justice in human relationships. It seems as though it is by a true instinct that men have always felt the denial of ancient creeds to be the only possible method of approach to the double-sided problem of religion and politics, theology and sociology, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Apart from the appeal which Mr. Wallis's two books make to every earnest social reformer, their intellectual value as contributions to a right understanding of Hebrew history can hardly be over-estimated. The plain man seldom realizes that, despite the excellence of the translations we have been provided with, the idioms, images, and phrases in which the history of the Jews is conveyed to us are so foreign to our ordinary modern language as to constitute practically a different tongue. This is specially true of the writings of the later Hebrew prophets, but applies to some extent even to those of profane historians of the time of Josephus. We consequently fail to recognize that the unfamiliar form and phrasing in which the message is conveyed have obscured and blurred its meaning, and have left only the most hazy impression on our minds as to the real order and significance of the historical happenings. Our indebtedness, therefore, is great to a student who has taken the trouble to focus the records through the lens of his own understanding, and to re-present them to us in a form which we can fully comprehend.

Few among average book-readers in these days realize the deep human interest that attaches to the early history of the Jewish people. Not only have we inherited from that persecuted race our richest legacy in literature, poetry, and (when rightly interpreted) early history, but it is to the Jewish

race that we are indebted for the inception and conservation of the moral sentiment. To the Hebrew people we owe it that the torch of "loyalty to the idealized community" was first lighted and has been kept burning through the long darkness of heathenism. To the Greeks we are indebted for that sentiment of beauty which has played so large a part in the intellectual evolution of the human mind; to the Romans we acknowledge our education in the uses of the sense of power in all the spiral forms through which man mounts to higher planes of being. But it is to that "chosen people" to whom the sense of justice was first revealed that we must place the credit of having through its seers and prophets preserved for future generations the highest conceptions of social righteousness the world has yet known.

We commend these two books to the attention of every sincere and humane student of sociology. Despite the sadness which always attends a candid survey of the blunderings of our poor humanity in the past, and despite the clamor and confusion of the present age in which that survey is made, Mr. Wallis's pages are illumined by a persistent hopefulness, a rational optimism, a stubborn faith in the ultimate supremacy of righteousness. We cannot do better than to close this imperfect review by quoting the author's final sentence: "There can be no doubt how the present struggle will end: the social gospel will triumph; and the Bible, as explained by scientific scholarship, will stand at the centre of the greatest movement for justice and freedom that the world has ever seen."

ALEX. MACKENDRICK.

#### PAINTING AND THE PUBLIC.\*

There are in the main two causes of the present unfortunate lack of sympathy between the painter and the public. Mr. Frederick Colin Tilney, an English painter, teacher, and critic, discusses them in the opening chapters of "The Appeal of the Picture."

One cause lies in the conditions of modern life. Leisure no longer exists. Contemplation is a lost faculty. Only novelty and the sensational attract attention, and that but for the moment. Legitimate art, unable by its very nature to traffic in novelty and sensation, thrives only in an age of greater calm.

The other cause is to be sought in the painter's art itself, as practised to-day. Two tendencies in contemporary painting have

\* THE APPEAL OF THE PICTURE. An Examination of the Principles in Picture Making. By Frederick Colin Tilney. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

gone far toward producing total estrangement of public from artist. There is, on the one hand, the scientific tendency. Since the inauguration of the luminarist movement upward of a hundred years ago, and particularly since its triumph in the eighties, such painters of the new school as have been really sincere have been so absorbed in the technique of light and color as almost to have forgotten the public in the overwhelming desire to please themselves and their fellow artists. The public mind, educated for generations in the language of the great masters, and looking to painting for a transcript of life, is filled with mystification and distrust before the ever shifting and contradictory mass of experimental effort, for the most part neglectful of subject matter and attentive to technique, that adorns the walls of the exhibition.

On the other hand, there is the tendency toward the illegitimate and the insincere. These are the parasites of the scientific. The successful experimentation of the honest and conscientious artist has been followed by the haphazard experimentation of the insincere, the ignorant, and the self-interested. Walls are hung with easy imitations of successful innovators, or with startling originalities making desperate bids for notoriety. The indistinct drawing and the omission of detail inherent in the great impressionists have been made the excuse for and erected into the principle of bad drawing. The necessary or accidental strangeness of genius has been seized upon and made into virtue. Archaism, exoticism, *naïveté*, unreality, unrecognizability, and actual ugliness, all have their cults. Mere newness and freshness of concept or execution have been exalted. Lack of genius, talent, or industry, unwillingness to submit to rules, the itch for notoriety, the desire for a market, have all joined voices in noisily avowed contempt for the traditional and undying qualities of art. The public, mystified and distrustful before the more or less incomprehensible product of even the modern artist who is endowed with genius and sincerity, has ended by having added to its other emotions disgust at the self-conceit, self-assertion, and self-exploitation of quack artist and quack critic.

In thus explaining the breach between public and painting, however, the author of "The Appeal of the Picture" does not rail. Mr. Tilney's primary purpose is not to establish a theory; his book is neither a satire nor a polemic, but a series of twenty-three very sober and very sensible and instructive chapters on such topics as the ordinary reader, whether artist or mere picture lover, delights

in hearing discussed by the expert. These are some of his themes: the point of view of the public, subject-matter, size as a factor, tone, tonal effect, color, composition, realism and idealism, naturalism (by which he means not the photographic naturalism of literary criticism, for which he employs the term literalism, but the quality of existing or possible reality), mood, feeling, the romantic and the picturesque, landscape, impressionism, development, quality, mural painting, genre, portraiture, background, photography, archaisms, fears and hopes.

Mr. Tilney is conservative, but temperate. He gives due credit to those who have represented real progress in painting, opposing only the exaggerated claims of the extremists. He insists on the essential correctness and value of traditional principles. It behooves painters to be human like the old masters, he says, and to be artists like them also.

The history of the world teaches us that it is usual for apostles of new creeds and starters of new movements to be over-zealous, as well as for their immediate disciples to carry enthusiasm beyond reasonable bounds. They will not pause to ask whether the principles they are treading down and the styles they are throwing over are worth anything for the goodness and truth that is in them. Naturally all this causes consternation amongst the adherents to old principles; and so it usually happens that a new régime begins with a reign of terror.

And under the cloaking turmoil of a reign of terror there are to be found many who commit crimes in the name of liberty. They assume the cockade, and under the ægis of a veritable tri-colour, pass as being in the movement. Without assimilating its matter they make a brave show with its manner. Their voice is raised in strident tones in order that those who cannot judge shall esteem them heroes and yield to them the spoils of war.

To change the metaphor: Impressionism, *Pleinairisme* and *Pointillisme* have opened the gates to incapacity and chicanery.

Again, speaking of the most recent apostles of modernism, against whose "shameless rubbish" "it is an astounding thing that, with one or two exceptions, no critics can be found who will frankly and fearlessly set their faces," Mr. Tilney says:

Our present revolutionaries have won no support at all amongst painters. Their popularity has been a thing of newspaper "booming." It has had no real life because people have been able to see nothing in it. Works which, upon patient examination, yield more and more conviction, are those which possess true and good principles.

It is ridiculous to suppose that men who have made a life-long study of painting, who have lived always in the atmosphere of art and are alive and keen to every sign of new life, can be so much surpassed in perspicuity by a few untrained men as to miss in their works any sign of true life and progress if such is there to be seen. It is likewise ridiculous to suppose that childish and hideous performances can possess truths and beauties which the foremost artists cannot see, but which two or three dealers and newspaper critics can recognize by intuition or revelation.

Mr. Tilney insists also on the partnership of the people in art. The public, whose ideal of beauty has always had a generous share, along with the genius of the artist, in the production of art expression, is not to be despised and scorned. There is health in the demand of the public for a transcript of life, in its distrust and disgust at the substitution of strangeness and unreality for the traditional language of art. With due regard for the fact that the artist must necessarily be in advance of the public, it is a safe principle that the art which troubles the public is by that very fact rendered suspect. "Nothing but man's untroubled joy in art can keep art alive."

GRANT SHOWERMAN.

#### THE GROWTH OF TENNYSON'S REPUTATION.\*

The late Professor Lounsbury, whose death at the age of seventy-seven occurred a little more than a year ago, had won a wide reputation as a careful and sound productive scholar. His monographs on Cooper, Chaucer, and Shakespeare and his writings on the English language, although some of them expressed views to which his critics could by no means assent, were respected as valuable contributions to knowledge; and taken altogether, his career as a public teacher and man of letters was honorable and distinguished.

In his later years, Professor Lounsbury became interested in the history of critical opinion with respect to Browning and Tennyson. His lectures on Browning's early works, published in 1911, were reviewed in *THE DIAL* for Feb. 1, 1912. His far more elaborate work on Tennyson, which bade fair to rival in bulk his three-volume "Studies in Chaucer," was cut short by his lamented death. Although he never expected to cover the poet's entire career, he hoped to come down to the publication of "The Idylls of the King." When death overtook him, though he had collected much material for the decade of the fifties, he had not fully completed his remarks on "In Memoriam," and none of the chapters had received his final revision. This fact must be borne in mind in judging the volume before us, which has been very ably edited and seen through the press by Professor Cross. It is a well printed book of nearly seven hundred pages. So well have the editor and his associates done their work that only rarely is one reminded that the book is to be taken not as a finished product but as a torso.

\* *THE LIFE AND TIMES OF TENNYSON (from 1809 to 1850).*  
By Thomas R. Lounsbury. New Haven: Yale University Press.

On nearly every page one finds specimens of that pungent and thoroughly characteristic humor for which the author was celebrated. Professor Lounsbury has expressed himself frankly and colloquially, and has not aimed at preserving an atmosphere of academic frigidity. As a result, he has certainly produced a most readable book, on what might have been deemed a rather dry subject.

The task which he set himself was to write a literary biography of Lord Tennyson which should not supplant but rather supplement existing biographical works, chief among which, of course, is the memoir by Tennyson's son. Specifically, he sought to trace the growth of Tennyson's popularity and the change of attitude toward him on the part of his critics. From the narrative several facts become clear.

The first to be noted is that although Tennyson's friends worked hard at the outset of his career to bring him to the favorable notice of the public, their efforts had no appreciable effect upon his permanent reputation, which his works have earned on their own merits.

Another is that Tennyson's own morbid hypersensitiveness to hostile criticism was one of his worst enemies, but for the existence of which he might have jumped ten years earlier to the position of England's chief poet. Not only did unfavorable comment so depress him that at times he thought of writing no more, but it induced him to commit at least two indiscretions, the lines to Christopher North and "The New Timon and the Poets." The former, if Lounsbury's reasoning is correct, recoiled on his head in the malicious review in "The Quarterly" for April, 1833, which was probably written by Lockhart at the instigation of Wilson.

On the other hand, while eager for praise and somewhat too easily upset by blame, Tennyson, in revising his poetry, was singularly independent of criticism, especially of censure. Indeed, he did not sufficiently, perhaps, respect what might be called the vested rights of the public; for he sometimes introduced sweeping changes into a poem after his readers had become thoroughly familiar with and fond of its first form. Some of these changes may have been desirable; others, it would seem, were not.

Again, the steady stream of unfavorable criticism which greeted the volumes of 1830 and 1833, and which continued through almost two decades, seems to have had no permanent effect upon Tennyson's reputation. This was regulated not by the critics but by the public, which paid little attention to the critical journals. By 1850, Tennyson had become one of



the leading poets, if not the first poet, of England; and this triumph both Wilson and Lockhart lived to see.

It has been generally supposed that Hallam's death in 1833 paralyzed Tennyson's poetical activity for some years. Professor Lounsbury finds the case to be otherwise. The event did, to be sure, have a disastrous effect upon the poet's health; but when that improved, he wrote as much as ever. Indeed, we may suppose from various remarks in the earlier parts of "In Memoriam" that in writing he found an anodyne.

A general conclusion to be drawn from Tennyson's life is that contemporary criticism of works of the imagination is generally futile.

There is of course the personal equation which leads one man to look with indifference upon what the vast majority of men passionately admire. But far greater than this is the difficulty that attends him who is compelled to give speedily a fair and just judgment of a work which necessarily requires for honest appreciation that thorough familiarity which is begot of frequent examination and of examination in different states of mind. This is true of every single poem of any length. But when it comes to a collection of short poems, the task of judging becomes infinitely harder.

Of the scores of reviews of Tennyson's early works, very few are worth reading to-day, because few critics were able to detach themselves from preconceived notions sufficiently to set a proper value upon this new worker in poetry. Much, too, of the early criticism was mere parrot talk learned from bolder writers.

The fourth chapter gives us a useful history of the critical journalism of the period. The two great reviews, "The Edinburgh" and "The Quarterly," were "mighty powers both in the world of literature and of politics." In 1832, an article in "The Quarterly" is said to have sent stocks down two per cent. In literature they made or ruined reputations. Gradually, however, their influence was diminished in consequence of the appearance of the monthlies and the weeklies, of which by 1830 several had sprung up. In all of these, moreover, the style of criticism was far more vociferous and brutal than would be tolerated to-day. It was a time when Lockhart in "Blackwood's" could speak of "the calm, settled, imperturbable, drivelling idiocy of 'Endymion,'" and when the anonymous reviewer (probably Christopher North) of Hunt's "Byron" could speak of it (March, 1828) as "hypocritical twaddle," and of its author as a Freizeland Bantam, "the vainest bird that attempts to crow"—"who to the prating pertness of the parrot, the chattering impudence of the magpie,—to say nothing of the mowing malice of the monkey—adds the hissiness of the bill-pointing gander and the gobble-bluster of the

bubbly-jock," etc. Just why this sort of thing was supposed to be more effective than sober argument is not clear. Nowadays if critics believe all this of an author, they do not write forty-five-page reviews on him, but pass him over in silence.

Interesting, too, is the chapter on "Surviving Reputations of the Georgian Era." In 1830, Wordsworth was still highly regarded, although his best work had long since been done. Circumstances had combined to give Byron an immense reputation, and he "was still the one whom nearly every youthful aspirant for poetic honors took consciously or unconsciously as his model." Curiously enough, Shelley's reputation was just beginning. Still later did Keats come to his own. It will thus be observed that the growth of Tennyson's reputation was synchronous with the growth of Keats's fame—a fact that is interesting in view of the affinity between the two poets.

Professor Lounsbury has thrown much light on the obscurer years of Tennyson's career, and his book therefore deserves the careful perusal of all students of the Poet Laureate.

CLARK S. NORTHP.

#### RECENT FICTION.\*

It may have been feared from early signs that we were to have a very searching time with the novels this year. It made the older ones among us look back with sombre recollection to the days when the name "problem novel" was invented. The novelists appeared to be delving in great depths of thought. Life, whether real or not, was very earnest. Especially did it seem necessary to consider why it should be that two people who had promised to love each other till death did part, should find themselves unable to do so, or else what it was best to do when this was the case. Such matters were much in mind; and as they had often been in mind before, a gloom of conventionality and even tediousness seemed to be settling down. Such efforts are so often made at the expense of the very things that make fiction worth while that there was real ground for uneasiness. But the spring announcements did much to dissipate this cloud, and it soon appeared that life had still a shining face. "Romance, adventure, mystery" were still possible.

\* *THE BLIND MAN'S EYES.* By William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.  
*THE OCEAN SLEUTH.* By Maurice Drake. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.  
*AN AMIABLE CHARLATAN.* By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.  
*SEVENTEEN.* By Booth Tarkington. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"The Blind Man's Eyes" has all these elements,—at least it has mystery; and when life is mysterious, it is likely also to have adventure and romance. I have read no better detective story for a good while. It is difficult to write about such a book, because it is a shame to give an idea of the story beforehand. Of course there are those who think it best to read the end of such a story first, so as to appreciate better the art by which one's interest and curiosity are heightened and carried along. I have no doubt that this is a good practice, but it surely ought to be a matter of choice. It is not fair to insist on telling such things beforehand. One thing, however, may be told. This story is of a blind man who knew much more than many who could see. This seems to me a novel and ingenious idea,—even if it does not reach the dignity of a "new note."

This would be a good place to say something of the history of the detective story, if only I knew enough. It is very easy to say, "The Blind Man's Eyes" sounds a new note," or something of the sort, but one needs considerable knowledge of literary history to determine whether a "note" really is new or not. I am sadly ignorant of the history of the detective story, and how far it used to be considered literary, and whether it used to be such as could be read with a preservation of intellectual self-respect. I remember that in the old pre-Sherlock-Holmes days, most of the detective stories (not counting the dime novel predecessors of "Old Sleuth," if there were any) were French: Gaboriau was the chief man at it who is now remembered, though there were others. But they were not very respectable from the literary standpoint. Andrew Lang wrote (in a *Ballade of the day*):

These two have shortened many a mile—  
Miss Braddon and Gaboriau.

There were of course exceptions. Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade, as well as the delightful Miss Braddon, provided mystery, though not always the mysteries of detection. It was Mr. Conan Doyle (as he was then) who was the Joshua, if not absolutely the Moses, of a new and promising land. The idea that detection of crime was no esoteric cult, but that it was open to all who could detect, was wholly in keeping with the democratic tendencies of our time. The idea that such personal detection was likely to be better than the rigid rule-of-thumb officialism was also natural to an age which prefers the spirit to the letter as does our easy-going, luxurious time. The idea that crime was to be detected by thinking about it in a logical manner, instead of listening conveniently at doors or

sliding panels or wearing false whiskers and other disguises, was in keeping with the sincerity of modern realism. These important points had been clearly seen by Poe, but they were popularized by the creator of Sherlock Holmes with such real literary art that since that time the detective story has been a recognized form of higher literature. And people have been delighted to find that it was just as literary to follow absorbedly the way a clever burglar uses a red-haired man to get into a bank, only to be headed off by a cocaine-user sitting at a concert, as it was to be disturbed about whether one had a right or a duty to commit suicide, or to leave one's husband and children.

All this is perhaps a little too academic. The intellectualist as a detector of crime is, of course, not a new figure, but it was certainly ingenious to think of a blind intellectualist who knew so much more than any one else. Then as to the murder. I have always a prejudice against a murder,—it seems as though there could not possibly be so many mysterious murders; it was certainly not the least of the gifts of Conan Doyle to think of so many things worth detection beside murders. But granted a murder, it was certainly a good thing, in this case, for the murdered man to come to himself and find out about the crime better than anybody else. So Messrs. MacHarg and Balmer are well started, and once started they are quite equal to their opportunity. They do not have, as some detective-story writers have had, a keen sense of character; but there are not many detective stories that really do give us much sense of reality in persons,—now and then one gets it, but not often when there are the other necessary things. "The Blind Man's Eyes" carries its story along with unfailing ingenuity and resource.

Mr. Maurice Drake is already known by other books which I have not read. "The Ocean Sleuth" is a good detective story with an additional dash of the sea. Indeed, I suppose that the sea-story part is more interesting to Mr. Drake than the rest; there is more gusto in the opening chapters about the wrecking-tug, more vigor in the scene at the wreck of the liner, than I find afterward. Fortunately, Mr. Drake takes his time; and though he is bent on detection, he likes quite as well to tell of one thing or another as to get on with his story. I am sure he has plenty of excellent touches that I have missed in my haste to find out about the bank notes,—like Austin's opinion of Anjou Mousseaux before and after having seen the young lady he had come to Brest to see. This disposition

to dally with his subject is a good thing; a whole novel at the intensity of a good detective story is a hard thing to read. Conan Doyle's long stories do not come up to the shorter ones. Mr. Drake was probably cut out for something other than a writer of stories of mystery. Not that his mystery is not good (it is not a murder, which at least shows a step toward originality), but better are his glimpses of the sea and of the men who sail upon it or knock about its shores. When Mr. Voogdt takes a pint of beer with uncle or tries to make a point out of Peters of Millbay Docks, or corresponds with Aaron Fletcher of S. S. "Godwit," I felt rather more at home than when he is going around Brest looking for hundred franc notes. Everybody will not like that sort of thing better, but it has more of the touch of life to it. One cannot say even now that everyone can write a good detective story; it is unfortunately true not only that many cannot but that of their number some try. But it is also true that fewer still can write a story with a touch of real life to it, and that is a thing which somehow seems better worth doing than the other. So one may rather hope that Mr. Maurice Drake will keep his mind fixed more on the ocean and less on the sleuth. He will be likely to write other interesting books on what he happens to be thinking about; but a story will probably grow out of his experiences with the men of the sea quite as easily as it can be thought out from a good situation, whether of bank notes or something else.

One is always pretty safe with Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim. It is true that people generally say of each new book that of course it is not as good as "A Maker of History" or whichever of his former novels they read first in that golden long ago when they first made his acquaintance. But they are generally indulgent, too, and before they come to an end they are likely to be consoled for their disappointment. In "An Amiable Charlatan," Mr. Oppenheim lets his readers down easily. He plays with them, it must be admitted; I think he is more of an amiable charlatan himself than Mr. Bundercombe was. Mr. Bundercombe was amiable enough, but he was not the kind of person whom I think of as a charlatan. Even in his preliminary form, he is not that. But charlatan or not, he moves in the real Oppenheim world,—that strange if delightful world in which one spends most of one's time at restaurants, sometimes with a glass of hock by one's side and a portion of the *plat du jour* before one, and sometimes with a more elaborate menu, but always in a mood for something to happen. Those won-

derful restaurants, not of the Hotel Milan this time, but Stephano's! What a change from stiff English country-houses, or stiff American houses in town, from our highly moral amusements and our dull day-by-day life! Such (at least) was the view of that charming adventuress so devoted to her amiable if criminal father; and while we are with Mr. Oppenheim we can understand how Mr. Walmsley felt about her, even after he had once or twice gone to Scotland Yard with her. But Mr. Oppenheim is really too respectable; he feels too responsible for our morals. It is suggested that Shakespeare allowed Mercutio to perish in the middle of the play because he felt unequal to carrying him through to the end. I have no such lack of confidence in Mr. Oppenheim, but I unhesitatingly pronounce the first part of the book the best. But this sort of talking of course gives little idea to those who have not read the book, and is not of interest to those who have. Mr. Oppenheim really needs no comment, but only to be passed along.

After so much that is exciting everybody will want a change. Even the intellectual and artistic Greeks after a trilogy of tragedies liked a change, and used to have satyric plays, of which all have been lost. These consisted, doubtless, of a crude, probably a coarse, humor, which would only have been enjoyable after a long day devoted to Prometheus, Medea, or Oedipus. After a trilogy of detective stories (even ending with Mr. Oppenheim) one should have a change. The best thing would be something rather realistic, something that would give one the feeling of real, if unexciting, life; but failing such for the moment, one will do well to read Mr. Tarkington's "Seventeen." To be perfectly frank about this book, I should say that it was the most dreadful combination I had met with in years, but very funny. Probably not even Mr. Tarkington would expect that I should appreciate it: I am too like Mr. Parcher for that,—though older even than he was. I recognize truth in Mr. Parcher, except that I do not believe that he (or any other gentleman of or from Indiana) ever retired on a hot summer's evening to read "Plutarch's Lives" in the library, even to escape a young man of seventeen on the piazza talking with a lovely girl who used baby talk. But Mr. Parcher had arrived at an age when he did not appreciate youth. "Fathers forget," says Mr. Tarkington, and this is certainly true of some things, though not always of others,—as for instance jokes. "Seventeen" is a remarkable piece of work. That a man should be able to take the elements of boy and girl, little sister,



the collar-button, the youthful poem, the slight moustache, make a book from them and offer it for sale and yet not only be allowed to live but be encouraged seems beyond belief. It cannot be doubted that "Seventeen" has stirred thousands to inordinate and healthful laughter. Some will not laugh so much as others, but even these will read the book through if only to find out whether there is to be a goat eating tomato-cans, and whether Mr. Parcher is to put up a stove. Every age has its own standards, especially in humor: a generation ago "Helen's Babies" was delightful; before that, "Tom Sawyer." The youth of the present do not care for "Tom Sawyer," and never heard of "Helen's Babies." No one who would understand the twentieth century should omit Mr. Tarkington's study of current adolescence. It will do much to explain the history of our country thirty years hence,—if we can stick it out so long.

EDWARD E. HALE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*An Elizabethan romancer.*

"Many things I have wrote to get money," said Robert Greene on his death-bed. His works fill thirteen volumes in Grosart's admirable edition. He was the most prolific of the Elizabethan writers, his output including romances, framework tales, social pamphlets, prodigal son stories, poems, plays, "repentances"; and he was versatile as well as prolific. His literary work was done in twelve years, and he died at thirty-four. Greene's allusion to the "upstart crow . . . in his owne conceit the onely Shake scene in a countrie" has done more to keep his name alive than all the other relics of his pen; yet Robert Greene's "many things" have more than passing interest for the student of his age. An interesting study of Robert Greene is to be found in the monograph by Dr. John Clark Jordan, lately issued by the Columbia University Press. It is conscientious and readable. The romances (including the tales), the social pamphlets, and the "repentances" are analyzed and studied in detail. In the first of these groups, Dr. Jordan finds Greene following, with not a few borrowings, the taste and the models of the hour. In the second group, also with occasional appropriation of other men's wares, he was working in a field somewhat less occupied and one obviously attractive to him. As to Greene's humanitarian purpose in the conny-catching pamphlets, Dr. Jordan does not think that we should claim much; Greene was quite as interested in the production of what

would sell as of what would edify. The two aims may have happened sometimes to coincide. In his discussion of the "repentances," also, the author of the thesis is skeptical. The earlier pamphlets he considers not autobiographical but commercial fiction. However, while autobiographical inferences must be derived with caution, there is no need of going to the other extreme and denying any reflection of actual experience. Of Greene's poetry his critic says pithily, that it is best appreciated when it is "recollected in tranquility." Chronologies are included in the text, along with a tabulation of the framework tales, a discussion of misconceptions concerning Greene, and a collection of early allusions to the romancer and dramatist.

*Historical records of early Illinois.*

Until recent years investigators interested in the early history of the western United States, and especially that of Illinois, have concerned themselves with either the period of the French influence or that following Clark's Kaskaskia expedition. The intervening period—1763 to 1778—has been touched only lightly, the attention paid it being by no means equal to that which its importance merits. During these years the English busied themselves with such problems of colonial organization as confronted them in the western country. Most of these were entirely new: the control of the Indians who were as hostile to the English as they were favorable to the French, the organization of the fur trade, the schemes for colonizing the new country, and finally the organization of a civil government to take the place of the military government. The documents which tell this story are scattered in a score of places. Some are in print; others are still in manuscript form. For several years the work of collecting and editing this material has been going on under the direction of Mr. Clarence W. Alvord, assisted by Mr. Clarence E. Carter. The results of their labors are to be gathered into five or six volumes known as the "British Series" of the "Illinois Historical Collections," published by the Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library. The first volume—Volume X of the "Collections"—has appeared under the title, "The Critical Period," and deals with the years 1763 to 1765 inclusive. An introduction by the editor gives a summary of the history of these years. Five hundred pages of documents form the body of the substantial volume. Such chapter headings as "Organization of the Western Territory," "The Proposed Col-

ony of Charlottina," "Accounts from the Illinois," "The Regulation of Indian Affairs," etc., show the scope of the work. If the remaining volumes approach the standard set by the first there will be no doubt as to the value of the contribution made. Since the Illinois country was one of the chief centres of activity in the West, the problems which confronted the British imperialists here were those of the whole region. For this reason these documents, although they deal primarily with the British in Illinois, will be of the greatest assistance to the student who seeks information concerning the plans of the English statesmen for the organization of the empire which they had won from the French. In Volume XII of the "Collections," Mr. Theodore C. Pease gives a compilation of the county records still in existence in the several counties of Illinois. As to the value of these records as historical material, he says that the writer of Illinois history who wishes to do work worth while "must explain how on the foundation of a French empire in the Mississippi valley has been built an Anglo-Saxon commonwealth—how men entered the wilderness, bought and sold land, dabbled with the slavery they had put from them in their constitution as a forbidden thing, acquired wealth and achieved comfort and luxury, built roads and established schools, and administered a rude justice and a simple government. In the land records, county commissioners' records, and circuit court records, in assessors' books, the probate wills and inventories, the election returns, and the slavery papers that survive in county courthouses is the extant material for such a history of Illinois." Over eight hundred printed pages tell in detail the nature of the records and their location, and at the same time testify to the industry of the compiler of the volume.

*Exercises in  
nimble-  
wittedness.*

Fertile fancy, nimbleness of wit, freaks and whims, with an engaging manner delightfully free from conventions and defiant of the charge of egoism in its free use of the first person singular of the pronoun, abound in the collection of short pieces more or less concerned with "The Romance of the Commonplace" (Bobbs-Merrill), and owing their existence to Mr. Gelett Burgess. Not new to print, or not all of them new, they are none the less good reading, particularly where they verge, as they often do, on the autobiographical; for on no subject is anyone so well qualified to write as on his own experiences, material and spiritual. "I keep no pets," says Mr. Burgess,

"since these would enforce my keeping regular hours; the only familiars I have, therefore, are my clock, my fire and my candles, and how companionable these may become one does not know who does not live alone." Even living alone, then, has its romance, whatever the mountain shepherd may say to the contrary. Fifty short papers, collectively dedicated to the author's sisters, "with whom this philosophy was proven," make up the book.

*A bird's-eye  
view of  
Babylon.*

Babylon through centuries of time was little more than an abstraction. But the persistent and systematic labors of excavators during the last twenty-five years have made it an astounding reality. Mr. Leonard W. King of the British Museum, whose "History of Sumer and Akkad" appeared a few years ago, now takes up the story in his "History of Babylon" (Stokes) where the previous work dropped it, namely, where the city of Babylon was on the point of securing permanent leadership under the West-Semitic Kings. The author carries us through the entire stretch of history from 2225 B.C. down to the Persian conquest in the sixth century B.C. The ten chapters of the volume are rather uneven in value and method of treatment, and, in fact, scarcely accord with the usual canons of history-writing. Chapter I states the place of Babylon in the history of antiquity; chapter II recites in great detail the results of German excavations on the site of old Babylon for the last two decades. Chapter III is a rather intricate chronological discussion that should have been relegated to an appendix, and its conclusions incorporated in the body of the volume. The remaining chapters present without much variation the regular course of events. Chapter V is especially fresh in its discussion of the characteristics and influence of the Hammurabi period, while chapter VII embodies results of the wonderful "finds" at Boghaz-Keui in Asia Minor. The appendices are especially valuable in that they give us the latest lists of kings of the dynasties of Nisin, Larsa, and Babylon. The volume is profusely illustrated.

*College life at  
Vassar fifty  
years ago.*

The history of Vassar College recently reviewed in these columns is delightfully supplemented in its earlier chapters by two small volumes, privately printed as part of last autumn's fiftieth anniversary celebration and now put upon the market by the Vassar College Bureau of Publication. "The Golden Age of Vassar," by Mary Harriott

Norris, is the more interesting if the less lively of the two books, for its connected account of the starting of Mr. Vassar's "dangerous experiment toward unsexing women" fills in many of the gaps which the "Letters from Old-Time Vassar"—letters of a student in 1869-70—necessarily leave open. Both authors emphasize the enthusiasms of the early days and minimize their hardships and disappointments, or perhaps it would be fairer to say that both turn hardships into glories. The opposition of "Antis" only strengthened the minds of the feminists of those days,—an eternal truth which might be equally well illustrated from to-day's suffrage campaigns. The criticisms brought against the curriculum and life of the pioneer institution only made more alert the attitude of its members toward it and toward their own purposes in supporting it. The amount of endowment, which, while considered wildly extravagant for its time, was in reality extremely inadequate to meet all needs, stimulated greater proportional efforts to increase its total sum than those which at this moment are being put forth to raise the immediately needed million dollar fund. Finally, the simple life of the students, with its "mush and milk" and its "hash and vinegar" meals, left the young women merry and unconventional, youthful Stoics who learned willingly to subordinate luxury and even comfort to spiritual necessity. More books such as these are needed in our libraries to vivify with personal recollection the annals that, read abstractly, tend to give a dreary and bare outline to a movement actually full of life and color.

*The story of  
a restless  
adventurer.*

"Froth and Bubble" (Longmans), by Mr. Maurice A. Harbord, certainly makes no pretension in its title to any great seriousness of style, and in fact its entertaining contents are largely anecdotal; but the anecdotes are of personal experience, and their abundance and variety are astonishing. In quest of change and adventure the author has apparently been roaming the two hemispheres from the age of sixteen to his present maturity, whatever that may be, and only pauses long enough to write what he calls the first volume of his life because of temporary disablement in an encounter with an African leopard. From clerking in a bank to ranch life in Montana, thence to campaigning in South Africa in the Boer War, after that to service in the Transvaal Town Police, then to farming in Nyanza Province—these are some of the many bewildering moves that the reader of the book

follows as best he may. The author was at Ladysmith during the siege, and took part in the relief of Mafeking; and everywhere he saw, heard about, or was a participant in occurrences worth relating. Little of his more intimate family history is recorded, but he describes himself as "the thirteenth child of a family of fifteen" and "raised in the orthodox English way." His father, a clergyman, shipped him off at a rather early age to Sibley, Iowa, and there the eventful narrative really begins. It is brisk reading, and furthermore is well illustrated.

*French methods  
in teaching  
composition.*

Of the making of books on English composition there is no end. Still an occasional volume stands out from the mass and justifies itself. "How the French Boy Learns to Write" (Harvard University Press) gives "good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over." Professor R. W. Brown of Wabash College, starting from the fairly well established fact that the average Frenchman writes the mother tongue with greater accuracy and even distinction than does the average American, went to France in 1912 and devoted the academic year to a study of the methods used in the French schools, particularly in the primary and secondary courses. He found abundant evidence that the French boy of high school age writes better than the American boy, that he has a more highly developed skill in the use of words, and a better sense for literature. The reasons assigned have the merit of appearing more than adequate to the result. The important ones are these: The unifying effort of the National Department of Education; the universal methods of dictation and conscious study of vocabulary; the superiority of the teachers, due to their training, their honorable social position, their secure future, and their leisure for personal growth; and greatest of all, the national tradition that language,—i. e., the mother tongue,—is the most important thing for a French boy to know. The author scores the vagaries in American school methods, and remarks trenchantly that we "have a national habit of taking up a subject or idea, proving its absolute importance, and then immediately forgetting all about it." This may be a prophetic foreboding of the reception of his own book of suggestions. Individual teachers here and there will profit by it; but there is small chance in our individualistic riot of its accomplishing any fundamental reform.



*Studies of "the new infinite."*

In the early days of the Calculus, Bishop Berkeley wondered whether anyone but an atheist could believe in the infinitely small. Now, in the early days of another startling development in mathematics, at least one mathematician assures us that the "new infinite" has a vital message for the "old theology," and is apparently questioning whether anyone can believe in the infinitely large without being a theist. And just as in the beginnings of Hypergeometry spiritualists fancied that they discovered in the new science a gateway to the supra-rational, so to-day a leading idealistic philosopher is convinced that the mathematical infinities are quintessentially related to the life of the Absolute. But the history of mathematics is neutral. The Calculus and Hypergeometry progressed irrespective of theist, atheist, or mystic; and the theory of Transfinites is advancing regardless of theology or metaphysics. This new branch of mathematics—the arithmetic of infinities of distinct and infinite numbers—was invented and developed by Georg Cantor, of the University of Halle. Two of his most important memoirs, entitled "Contributions to the Founding of the Theory of Transfinite Numbers," have been translated into English, and supplemented by an excellent historical résumé, by Mr. P. E. B. Jourdain. The translation constitutes the initial volume of "The Open Court Series of Classics of Science and Philosophy," and sets for the series an unusually high standard.

*Little essays for the millions.*

Seven years ago Dr. Frank Crane relinquished the pulpit for the pen. Though discharging to general satisfaction the duties of pastor of a prosperous church, he decided to resign his pastorate and risk a hazard of new fortunes. "My position was too secure," he tells us. "It was not precarious enough." Approaching the half-century mark, he desired "to keep young" through the stimulus of a little risk and uncertainty as to where the daily bread was to come from. Therefore he became a writer of sermonettes or brief essays for the newspapers, hoping thus to reach a larger public than from the pulpit. His venture has proved a success, and hundreds of thousands of newspaper readers have welcomed his syndicated talks on familiar topics. A volume of short essays of this nature now comes from his pen, under the title, "Adventures in Common Sense" (Lane), each essay being only two or three pages in length, and the style admirably adapted to the theme and the intended class of readers. The paragraphs

are of the briefest, and the whole appearance of the book appeals to the casual and hurried reader. A cheerful philosophy of life, a belief in ideals, and a command of terse and forceful language, agreeably tinged with humor and enlivened with wit—these are conspicuous among the book's qualities.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

"Readings on the Relation of Government to Property and Industry" (Ginn), edited by Professor Samuel P. Orth, is a volume excellently adapted to the needs of business men, classes in business colleges, and college classes in general. The material is definitely and compactly organized under the following subjects: the changing conceptions of property obligations and of governmental functions; the expanding police power, as sanctioned by state and federal courts; the control of corporations; and the development of labor laws.

The Country Life movement has gained no little headway in the last few years. We now have books and magazines about it, lectures to popularize it, and a national commission to encourage it. To its growing literature Dr. Ernest Irving Antrim contributes a well-informed little book, "Fifty Million Strong, or Our Rural Reserve," written with the persuasiveness of one actively engaged in furthering the cause and confidently hopeful of its signal success. Rural interests and all the instrumentalities for their promotion are intelligently and clearly discussed. The church, the school, the library, the part to be played by rural coöperative activities of all sorts, the call to leadership in rural upbuilding, the place of recreations and amusements in the rural community—these and other related topics are handled with vigor and understanding. (The Pioneer Press, Van Wert, Ohio.)

Expertness in the use of reference-books is an accomplishment that has increased in value with the decreasing possibility of holding in one's head the sum total of human knowledge; and this expertness will continue to gain in esteem with the rapid future extension of research in all directions. Hence the usefulness of such a manual as Miss Florence M. Hopkins's "Reference Guides That Should be Known, and How to Use Them," published by the Willard Company, of Detroit. Designed especially for use in high and normal schools, and arranged in eight groups of graded lessons, the book is equally serviceable for self-instruction or for teaching purposes in library training classes or library schools. Filling nearly two hundred octavo pages, it is comprehensive and detailed within its limits, works in foreign languages being beyond its scope. Occasional minor errors call for correction in a later edition. Miss Hopkins has already shown her aptitude for tasks like her present one in her little manual on "Allusions," which we have had the pleasure of commending.

## NOTES.

"In the Garden of Romance," a love story by Mr. L. H. Hammond, will shortly be issued by Messrs. Crowell.

A new edition of Brandes's "Life of Shakespeare" is expected to be ready in time for the forthcoming celebration.

"My Lady of the Moor," a tale of the Dartmoor country, by Mr. John Oxenham, is announced by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co.

"Wind and Weather" is the attractive title of a new book of verse by Dr. Liberty H. Bailey, which Messrs. Scribner will soon publish.

A translation of Selma Lagerlöf's latest novel, "The Emperor of Portugalia," is in preparation, and will be issued in the autumn by Messrs. Doubleday.

The second volume in the series of scientific papers of Sir Ernest Shackleton's geological research at the South Pole will be ready during the spring.

Another volume by Mr. Francis Bond in the "English Church Art" series, entitled "The English Chancel," will soon be issued by the Oxford University Press.

"The Influence of Joy," by Dr. George Van Ness Dearborn, is a new title soon to be added to the "Mind and Health Series," published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

Early next month M. Paul Bourget's latest novel, "The Night Cometh," will be published by Messrs. Putnam. It is written under the influence of the war, and its subject matter is entirely of to-day.

The record of the late Richard Harding Davis's second visit to the front, entitled "With the French in France and Salonika," is about to be published by Messrs. Scribner. Mr. Davis had completed the revision of the proofs just before his death.

"Sacrifice" is the title of the forthcoming English translation of "La Veillée des Armes," Marcelle Tinayre's story of France in the first days of the war which attracted widespread attention when it first appeared in the original.

Mr. Gilbert Frankau, one of the three sons of the late "Frank Danby," who are now fighting in the British army, has written a volume of verse, "A Song of the Guns," which Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. announce as immediately forthcoming.

Mr. Edward Salmon will publish immediately a small book entitled "Shakespeare and Democracy," which he hopes will show that Shakespeare's humanity carried him far toward impartiality in all matters affecting the relations of the classes and the mob.

A new book by Mrs. Humphry Ward, entitled "England's Effort," is announced for May issue by Messrs. Scribner. It deals with various aspects of life in England since the war started, and shows how the people at home are coöperating with the men at the front.

The French ambassador's new book, "With Americans of Past and Present Days," will contain chapters on Rochambeau, Washington, Lincoln,

Dr. Horace H. Furness, and others. Messrs. Scribner expect to publish this volume of M. Jusserand's in May.

The long-announced "Tennyson Dictionary," by Mr. Arthur E. Baker, whose chief object has been to identify and describe the multitudinous characters, place-names, etc., both fictitious and historical, created or utilized by the poet, is now promised by Messrs. Dutton for next month.

A collected edition in two volumes of the poems and plays of Mr. Percy MacKaye, with a preface by the author, is announced by the Macmillan Co. All published poems to date are included, together with the following plays: "The Canterbury Pilgrims," "Jeanne d'Arc," "Sappho and Phaon," "The Scarecrow," and "Mater."

"The Country Life Anthology of Verse," edited by Mr. P. Anderson Graham, is in preparation by Messrs. Scribner. It will contain a collection of poems by modern authors which appeared originally in the English periodical, "Country Life," including verse by Fiona MacLeod, W. E. Henley, Mr. Robert Bridges, and many others.

The next quarterly number of "The Book Monthly" will not appear until the beginning of October. The paper famine, coming on the top of other war difficulties, has made the way of an English literary magazine especially hard. Mr. James Milne, the editor and proprietor of "The Book Monthly," thinks it best frankly to recognize this and omit his April-May-June and July-August-September numbers.

Mr. Edward Carpenter's forthcoming volume of reminiscences will be entitled "My Days and Dreams: Being Autobiographical Notes." The notes extend back a quarter of a century, and have been gathered under such headings as "Personalities," "Trade and Philosophy," "The Story of My Books," "University Extension and Northern Towns," and "Sheffield and Socialism." Chapters are also included on Cambridge and Brighton experiences.

Professor Chester Martin's volume on "Lord Selkirk's Work in Canada," which the Oxford University Press is about to publish in the "Oxford Historical and Literary Studies," is offered as a measure of tardy appreciation of Selkirk's services, even though, in the author's words, "it may not restore his name to the place which one may hope it would have occupied had his work and life not been cut short by a violent and a not very scrupulous opposition." The story of the Scottish colony which he founded in Canada is based on Selkirk's own papers.

One of the features of the forthcoming memoir of Alfred Russel Wallace, in two volumes, by Mr. James Marchant, is a collection of hitherto unpublished letters which, in conjunction with the use of correspondence from Wallace's autobiography and the lives of Darwin and Lyell, tells the story of the evolution of the idea of natural selection in the scientists' own words. The letters also include correspondence with Herbert Spencer, Kingsley, Sir Francis Galton, Sir Joseph Hooker, Gladstone, and many other celebrities, covering every aspect of Wallace's many-sided interests.

An "Introduction to the Study of International Relations," announced by Messrs. Macmillan, is a volume of papers by various authors, edited by Mr. Arthur Greenwood, who has himself contributed articles on "International Relations and the Growth of Freedom," and "International Economic Relations." The remaining papers comprise "War and Peace since 1815," by Professor A. J. Grant; "The Causes of Modern Wars," by Mr. F. F. Urquhart; "Political Relations between Advanced and Backward People," by Mr. P. H. Kerr; and "International Law," by Mr. J. D. I. Hughes.

A cumulation, in one alphabet, of the contents of the annual numbers of the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature," for 1910-14 inclusive, is announced for immediate publication by the H. W. Wilson Co. About ninety periodicals are indexed by author and subject, and subject references to one hundred and sixty-seven composite books are included in the same alphabet with the magazine references. Magazines added to the "Readers' Guide" since 1910 have been carried back to the beginning of the five-year period. The subject-headings have been thoroughly revised and many sub-headings have been added to facilitate use of so great an amount of material.

At such a time as this, it is a wise and noble action of Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson in editing and producing an elaborate Doves Press edition of Goethe's poems in the original text. In this anthology, which bears the title "Auserlesene Lieder, Gedichte, und Balladen: Ein Strauss," the poems selected "have been arranged in three principal groups, with four interwoven Poems indicative of Goethe's attitude to Life, in such a way as to form *ein Strauss*: a nosegay of 'visionary flowers' having relation in colour and perfume only to one another and to the nosegay which collectively they compose." The volume will be printed in red and black, from the Weimar edition, and will appear in July.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 125 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

##### BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- William Wordsworth:** His Life, Works, and Influence. By George McLean Harper. In 2 volumes, illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$6.50.
- Abraham Lincoln:** The Lawyer-Statesman. By John T. Richards. Illustrated, 8vo, 260 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50.
- David Norton:** A Biography. By Elijah Embree Hoss. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 214 pages. Nashville, Tenn.: Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

##### HISTORY.

- Writings of John Quincy Adams.** Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Volume VI, 1816-1819. 8vo, 572 pages. Macmillan Co. \$3.50.
- England and Germany, 1740-1914.** By Bernadotte Everly Schmitt, Ph.D. With map, 8vo, 524 pages. Princeton University Press. \$2.
- The Administration of President Hayes.** By John W. Burgess, LL.D. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, 154 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.
- L'Alsace-Lorraine: Histoire d'une Annexion.** By Gabriel Séailles. 18mo, 63 pages. Paris: Ligue des Droits de L'Homme & du Citoyen. Paper.

##### GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Shakespeare's Theater.** By Ashley H. Thorndike, L.H.D. Illustrated, 8vo, 472 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.50.
- A Census of Shakespeare's Plays in Quarto, 1594-1709.** By Henrietta C. Bartlett and Alfred W. Pollard. 4to, 154 pages. Yale University Press. \$7.50.
- G. K. Chesterton: A Critical Study.** By Julius West. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 191 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.
- William Wordsworth: How to Know Him.** By C. T. Winchester, L.H.D. With portrait, 12mo, 296 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25.
- The Observations of Professor Maturin.** By Clyde Furst. 12mo, 225 pages. Columbia University Press. \$1.25.
- Essays and Literary Studies.** By Stephen Leacock. 12mo, 310 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25.
- The Evolution of Modern Hebrew Literature, 1850-1912.** By Abraham Solomon Waldstein, Ph.D. Large 8vo, 127 pages. Columbia University Press. \$1.25.
- Select Prose of Robert Southey.** Edited, with introduction, by Jacob Zeitlin, Ph.D. 12mo, 436 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

##### VERSE AND DRAMA.

- Battle, and Other Poems.** By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. 12mo, 198 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.
- Lyrics of War and Peace.** By William Dudley Foulke, LL.D. 12mo, 119 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.
- Songs of the Fields.** By Francis Ledwidge; with introduction by Lord Dunsany. 12mo, 122 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.25.
- Poems.** By Gustaf Fröding; translated from the Swedish, with introduction, by Charles Wharton Stork, Ph.D. 12mo, 168 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
- Wolfs-Bane: Rhymes.** By John Cowper Powys. 8vo, 120 pages. G. Arnold Shaw. \$1.25.
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- The Hidden Garden.** By Florence D. Snelling. 16mo, 112 pages. Boston: The Ranger Co.
- Two Deaths in the Bronx.** By Donald Evans. 12mo, 60 pages. Philadelphia: Nicholas L. Brown. \$1.
- John o' Dreams.** By L. J. Dickinson. With portrait, 12mo, 125 pages. Superior, Wis.: The Colwin Co. \$1.
- Wild Apples.** By Jeanne Robert Foster. 12mo, 193 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1.
- The Menechmi of Plautus.** With a translation by Joseph H. Drake. New edition; 16mo, 129 pages. Macmillan Co. Paper.
- King Shakespeare: A Masque of Praise for the Shakespeare Tercentenary.** By Albert Hutton Gilmer. 16mo, 14 pages. Ginn & Co. Paper.

##### FICTION.

- Children of Hope.** By Stephen Whitman. Illustrated, 12mo, 508 pages. Century Co. \$1.40.
- Behold the Woman! A Tale of Redemption.** By T. Everett Harré. 12mo, 400 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.35.
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